A Contemporary Poetry Journal

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Fall, 202X(0)

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Echolalia Review (*Echo*) is a quarterly literary journal with a focus on contemporary verse and verse-adjacent forms. We are interested in form-defining poetry, interviews, reviews, translations, and, occasionally, articles, essays, and art (typically by commission). We sometimes also commission poems, too (~50%).

Echo respectfully operates on the unceded, ancestral, Treaty 13- and Williams Treaties-recognized lands of the Anishnabeg, the Chippewa (like "potato chip"), the Haudenosaunee, the Wendat, and the Mississaugas of the Credit peoples (*not* banking-related). As an editorial team, publication, and institution, we deeply honour the displaced people of these tribes and wish them all the best (*mwah*–we love you) with finding new land. #orangeshirtday #reconciliation

We accept submissions four times a year (Jan. 1-29, Mar. 7-16, Aug. 2-8, Oct. 21) and publish in February, April, September, and November—or whenever we feel like it. We wish to promote all the beautiful disenfranchised voices out there. (That's *you*, honey!) We also reserve the right to waive submission fees for these groups, and transfer those fees to the submissions from *other* demographics. Additionally, our team offers support for BIPOC/marginalized/incarcerated/handicapped/novice writers, or those who're currently feeling "a little poopy," who may have difficulty submitting due to sociopolitical/historically challenging circumstances. For our mag's story, please see echolalalalia.ca/about,[1] or for submission guidelines, see echolalalalia.ca/submissions.[2] Send all submissions through Submittable.[3]

Please, please, *please* note that previously published submissions will be deleted in cold blood—unless commissioned from the staff. Then we love them!

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oop$_{oop}$

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Contests: Entering an affiliated contest (with promo code "ECHO") gets you a one-third credit for a back issue of *Echo* or a quarter credit for the current issue. And whether we accept[4] or politely reject[5] your work, know that we adore you!

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Disclaimer: Texts in this issue may contain references to prejudices and misconceptions that *Echolalia Review* does not endorse but recognizes as evidence of or mechanisms of generational or historical oppression and injustice. Please remember that.

Moreover, we have forgone the inclusion of content warnings for individual poems, but would caution readers with particular sensibilities to stop reading if they encounter content that causes feelings of psychological unfunness. Thank you, and may you always be kind to yourself :)

From the *Echo* Team:

"The poet is a liar who always speaks the truth"

—— Jean "Renaissance Mxn" Cocteau

Readers, one and all,

Welcome, welcome to Issue #13.3 of *Echolalia Review*. With this year being more tumultuous than we could have ever imagined, we felt a keen need to take a cold shower, curl up in our *Steven Universe* onesies (Donyali's more of a *Rick and Morty* type), and seek out poetry that matters, the kind of antidotal verse that absolves aftertaste, engenders memetic suffusion. And oh, did the poets in this issue ever deliver.

Within these pages, you'll find sparkles and pin-pricks, open chords and closed harmonies, deluges and brackish strands; themes as eternal as the X Majoris and Y Minoris. Tina Oberman-Crosby opens the issue with a gripping examination of femininity and motherhood in "In the delivery room (i hate children)"; Waceo A. Mitaker offers a candid look inside the psyche of a Narcan addict; the winner of the 202X CBC7 State Media Short Poem Contest, adele nwankwo, graces us with a reprint of their winning piece: a sparkling work on Blackness and post-(post-)colonial self-determination; last year's G. H. Abla F. G. B. F. Z. Y. 2 Henderson Poetry Award winner, Lyvni River, reminds us of the devastating socio-politico-cultural-historico-sexual reach of firearms in the West. There are so many pieces to talk about that we don't even know how to fit them all here! But you can rest assured that every work in this issue shows the tenderness and craftspersonship of fine art and explores a major idea or mode crucial to life today.

We're excited to present an array of poets appearing for their first time in *Echo*, from the passionate AIDS Soteropolis protégé Scylur Annuh Brown, to the twelve-year-old political exile poet sensation Khayala Ghousseni, who just made friends with global superstar poet Manday Gormian at the 202X All-Out Rallycon!

We have a firecracker of an interview with the always-talented Dr. Kim Ko on her controversial new study, "A Holistic Model of Happiness as Derived from Ko's White Poet Paradox: The Psychopathological and Colonial Connections Between Verse and Contentedness," another with individual-of-the-hour Claire Brooke Hawksmouth (Kha!n'Qtˈθeekc Hamɬoot), aka Sky Child (Nishłį Yooch'ííd), and a third with the streaking Otto Fatjon "Huevos Rancheros" Rancho-Marpet, who reveals the niceties of his/their creative process!

You'll also find a few essential reviews, including one by "Kween" Sage Ravensolo Subramanian of Salem Al-Habibi Marcel de la Rosaura-Khoury's *thruWu you/me: transformation poems*, and a concentrated evaluation of Robin Bobert Bobertson's *Immutable Currents* by Dasani Chianti (aka Atlas Piana). Additionally, you'll find in this beautiful, mercurial tome a critical, cathartic essay on poet pay from Zuthimalin Peng Starkowski.

Lastly, speaking of catharsis—we've upped the ante by incorporating a special feature to this issue—we present to you your own personal Two-Minute Hate: "The Instapoetry Corner." We just know you're gonna hate-love the *heck* out of it, on top of our usual "Worst of Issue" entry—starring the worst submission we received during our reading period for this issue!

There may be more than ever to fear in our society, and it may be more challenging to face life's hardships by the day, but as we enter this period of societal darkness, let poetry of this calibre, poetry of this luminosity, light your way forward—whether it be a brief spark that helps you find your own torches, or the beacon to which you direct your wayward and wanting spirits.

Enjoy, and be well, dear readers. Please. We mean it.

raulian espinoza,
Echolalia Review Chief Editor + world citizen

“the world in totality sum gross was endin’ it is always is an’ so oi says an’ so yeah finally is oi says figures *burp* figures bruv”

—— strawberry ahmadinejad, “west bellend, london: eulogy iv,” page 24, *Echo* 13.2, 202X

POETRY

Tina Oberman-Crosby[6]
In the delivery room (i hate kids)

As the blooming of a freudian nightfruit
an unfurling of a pelvis a fracking of the
limbic so that what ccs of joan-of-arc fury

epidural dilation in cms husband's rattling breath stench of bechamel on
the fat white doctor's maw more dilation nurse's strong-but-bony hands
the reassurance while travelling narcotic inward to salem every shout of

encouragement a jeer as i go under in a barrel now
of splinter & pharmacology (*not a—witch! just a—would-be—<u>mother</u>!*)
to bob back up to wet nap upon forehead peo

ple i know and back down and people i know and love in town hold
pitchforks grind their butt-ends into soil like toothpicks into vul
vitis *you're doing great honey! your mom would be so proud of you*

mom who didn't want me
probably isn't here (couldn't
get away from fourth-wife duties) mom

in the crowd with the rest of them pitchfork
swathed in rheum and preordaining judgment w/
whore daughter who never did her no right and

couldn't keep a guy off her longer
than a jar of scraps could larvae be
better for all if god dragged her to

riverbed bed a river of sweat and
blood blood as breach more ccs of whoineedwha?ium
mind chattering in the break

down below the crests held down held breath
she's crowning! calls more–dilation filter's
witch i am which mother am i to *a son, a healthy*

baby boy as i come to surface drafting down air pitchforks still
uneasy *it's a boy* given the sorceress given to the daughter never
wanted *a boy* given to replace a magic that no well-placed trial

could asphyxiate.

. .
. . .
. . .
. . .
. . .

. .

.

.

.

Jonathan Oberman-Crosby[7] & His Lovely Wife, Tina
my wife's son

after chester jeevus' "soy man"

1.

cells.
you start
as cells.
glued together.
a-c-g-t
nomenclature.
from
m-o-m &
h-i-m.

2.

honey, you're doing great
is all i can muster
in the moment.
you're performing the art
the ancient persians called "zāymān"
your wristband a makeshift
offering to soloman
and that's all i can give you.
birthing whispers.
i try to redeem myself
with a *your mom would be so proud*
as they give you the epidural.
before it escapes me i already know
they're cohosh-tipped words.
stupid. stupid!

3.

out! *out*!
okay.
tea. tea.
in the nursery-scented cafeteria
i sit heavy as sardonyx
and think of baby again.
the instincts it will have
to plume its lungs
to clutch at being and breast
upon arrival.
the same way i clutch at paper cup
from dispenser's robot hand.
or grope
at recycled paper stir stick
stirring awkwardly.
existence.
this.
when you rationalize it
to the collective monkey mind
the fragmentation of
impulse and instinct is the tale
of all human life.
so that every combination
becomes possible
like the digital magic
of vending machine keypad
or the pegs and holes
of a fisher-price toy.
what will you favour
baby
in your life
breast or cup?

4.

i watch the orderlies
convene about troublesome patients
crave tv-stream affairs with doctors.
mingle and cajole over salads
and apples.
tyrone's late.
he says he'll "show" soon.
i watched him show in you
that night.
he might drive the hellcat over
from the barbershop.
(i paid for the haircut.)
what would your mom say
if she could see this be here?
oh the delicious spite
the zesty prick of miscegenation
yummier than this latte.
that this casual dating-app
arrangement would yield
such forbidden fruit.

5.

nurse:
here!
she's coming!
an epidural and iv of morpho
this-or-thatizine to ease
the discomfort.
change into coveralls as starchy
as flat white gyprock.
birth canal cream and crimson and black.

can't look now.
all i can do is hold your hand
hold it the way matter draws
to itself in the most
biotic moments.
my love.
you've multiplied.
shed upon my stone
in transience.
this is love.
in the way that *it's a girl*.
in the way that it's just us.
(tyrone's at the drive-thru now.)
and i love you.
our baby.
you.
right.
your baby.
he.
us.
.
.
.

Ahuiliztli Peterson
Someday I'll Love Ahuiliztli

In so many ways, the words we say
to ourselves in the face of sticky-note-bedecked
standing mirrors, or bathroom zoom-in zit-checkers, or car door
reflections is that beauty is a radish plucked too early, as a
microgreen, because we say to ourselves it's healthier to
eat them in that state. I didn't grow in the way I was
supposed to—small breasts, narrow hips, hirsute arms—
so the boys in my Grade 7 class, between their games of
bloody knuckles and scheduled AXE body spray applications (misogyny-scented!)
would tell me I looked like a "*saquatch*," and I'd have to tell them
they were missing a letter, that they might find it later on in life.
They'd laugh and tell me I was missing a chromosome.
Perhaps we're all missing letters in our own way, even if every gene
of ourselves minds the P and the Q; abides by the T and the I. I'd *like*
to be a radish, now that I think of it—a fully-grown one, rosy and deliciously bulbous.
The thought of being a microgreen to this day scares me.
My arms remain downy, and my breasts are still achingly tiny, unbulbous.
Those AXE-lovers have grown into successful bankers,
data analysts, vendors, commerce drones, and every time I see one's face pop up on LinkedIn,
pink, athletic, *contented*, I'm transported back to my childhood bedroom,
to gaze upon my figure, the words on my mirror arranging themselves
into a declaration, a sabre, a pseudanthium
they never knew yearned to sprout.

Khayala Ghousseni

war-war

war = bad
shouldn't have to say it
but i do
missiles
dropping
uav
pulsing
rations
being rationed
yellow
blue
red
red
red
UGH
think of the damage
schools museums synagogues crying
BABIES!!
no
NO
so
war
you see
BAD
(xcept 4 when NATO :3)

Waceo A. Mitaker
Narcan

Street side. Phrygian mode.
Cracks a scale up like on cast iron.
Like quartz or mind-fracture com-
munication synthjazzmodalities.

Space. Men/women/onesthataremore.
Channeled into discarded FAT TUG can
shard (FAT PILSNER): Nothing's *phat*
anymore. Or JUICY, for that matter. Asses

stuttering and blubbering—flubb*err*ing
unbranded like from-auction steers/sows.
To know your identity is 2 epine*——: the cast
iron? not just eat out of it, trough-style. What

might we do to extract that JUICE? j ref.
Laryngenial mode.** Cattle-drive stars. Lone
lonestar belt buckle not so lonely-lonely.
With Telemachian mist! Anything's worth

fixin' that canun*** get unfixed! The get-off-the-road
of it all atonce. Shout! Create yer own mood now—
Stygian.**** Scurrvian.***** For daymares, to staymate: wake and
ullshall be receiv'd 'n the arms of grandius kooter (emts).

(Local street thug-cum-graffiti ar(au)the(eu)r) Ho!
Every dusk an unmasaowed****** bubble gum: spray me down/up!
Use Narcan this time. Make it hum in the fissures of my
grey matter. No, I won't go peacefully—that's for gator-drifters.

Fill my gillers to the gill hers down the drain bugs all

the 4/4 standard double-time lines feed 'em sirens phases go po-po
jus' for me up south two as as as perspicacity stimatized asphalt
recumbent play all who behold cheebichu******* the foam-mouth
laodician goad. No—

Krreekkakkckkakhchcla !!!********

Oh. I'm back.
Yeah. I'll get up, man. Real soon.

* Epine (*eh-peen*) (verb): To take epinephrine or norepinephrine recreationally (through any method, but usually intravenously).

** Laryngenial mode (noun): An invented musical eleven-and-a-half-microtone key (occurring in—but not limited to—jazz) that reads: C, C#, back to C, CT (top of key of C), D#, D#T (top of D#), F, ESL/Db (middle-side-left of the E key, catching Db *ever so slightly* for extra tone) G#, Ab (there's a difference), B, BbTSSs (played to the upper-left side of the key, softly [Ss], so as to create a partial sound). Unlike most keys, this key accounts for the subtle wavelength differences between first and second strikes of a key. It is said to have a warm, polite tone, well-suited to singing—hence, the portmanteau of "laryngeal" and "genial." Best played over 15/6.5 time.

*** Canun (*cah-nun*) (contraction: "can" [verb] + "not" [adverb] + "*un*" [determiner (French)] : A version of "cannot" that also integrates the philosophical potentiality of content-neutral positive liberty, in the fashion of thinkers like John Christman.

**** Stygian (adjective): Of, or related to, the invented 14-and-three-quarter microtonal key predicated upon creating a River Styx-like atmosphere.

***** Scurrvian (adjective): A proposed sea-shanty-exclusive vocal key based on the Canadian Maritime shanties of the first European crews to fish the Grand Banks after their (colonial) discovery by John Cabot in 1498.

****** Masaowe (verb): To chew sonorously. Derived from the contemporary Greek word μασάω, which means to chew.

******* Cheebichu (proper noun): A deity whose power is yet unknown to this world, and to this poet, dearest reader.

******** *Krreekkakkckkakhchcla* (interjection): An onomatopoeia painstakingly designed to simulate the sound of the administration of Narcan and one's resuscitation in response to it; bears similarities to James Joyce's "thunder words."

adele nwankwo
yah jah gah hah

winner of the 74th cbc7 state media short poem contest 🎉 [reprint]

"navigating a white male world was not threatening. it wasn't even interesting. i was more interesting than they were. i knew more than they did. and i wasn't afraid to show it."

—— toni morrison

flit crit stit writ me in to mist tick
hinge match want give me his white dick
say no mist ta he say no give give
like am queen o' tha car rib yin
speak in pidgin ya speak real idgit
voodoo prak tik casta oyal drip drip
no get i like shakes peeya (*o tel lo*?)
chagal bas kee aht duh vor ich
be law w*man gol watch wrist wrist
only want wife go mast a mast a yis
yis flit crit stit writ dis bitch in to mist tick
soon fine out me make fresh blooms go fist fist

adele nwankwo
sub_urban boi

s'all

ass ass money mercedes
steel guard trigger tate
cum text nudes evian
bottle cock balls cock
BALLS g-strings stare drink
drunk driving bros lads
guys nails hammer axes
wires weed lmao cell
incel jerk hand love
fag pussy beef jerky
don's wendy's bell curve
left right politics snakes
flags fracking fucking philosophy
war crypto confucius cicero
legionnaires simulation 💯 rap
snaps whips ahh AHHHH!

Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully

3 emojipastas

To 🅱️ or not to 🅱️ William Shakespeare's 🎬🎭🤴 little cumslut 😩💦👧: that is the question. I want Billy Bard 📝👨‍🎨 of Strapford-upon-Avon to spank 🙀👋🏻 my big 🥵 juicy 🥵🥵 fanny 🍑👋🏻 while he pens 🖋️ his sexy 🥵🥵😲 sophisticated 🎻👩🏿‍🎤 plays 📒📕📘😤. (No ❌ Edward de Vere ✝️👎🏿👎🏿 conspiracy 👽👮‍♂️ here!) If I'm lucky 😳, Daddy 👨‍🦱👅🍆 will dress me up 👔🎽 like one of his stage players 🤷‍♀️👻👁️ and 👅 and 👄 my 👀😮‍💨👀. I need to Ophelia 👩‍🦰☠️ him inside me! 🫂👄👄👍🏻😻 Do you think 🧐😫 he'll write a sexy 😻❤️❗ iambic 2️⃣ pentameter 5️⃣ slutliloquy 😮‍💨🤤😜 for me? His little 👌😹😈 Tightass 🤭😛 Andronicus 🏛️💦🎴! But it's as Daddy 😮‍💨😌 always says—why express yourself 🥸🤨 when you can undress 👗⬇️ yourself? He he 😂🤣 Daddy knows best! 🤩🥳 So I'll be a good little sluttie 😚😝🥵 and stroke 😉 his pen(i)s 'til his ink 🤤🖋️💦😰🥰 cums out 🍆💦💯💋!

I'm sad 😞💧 like Anne Sex 🤤😈🤮ton, 😳 feminist 👭🏋️ icon 🚺, and I don't know why... I keep dreaming 🛌🤔 of carbon 🧬🔬monoxide 1️⃣👩😳. I even took pills 💊😀 like her 😮‍💨 that didn't work 💪🏻❌ so well (two pink 🌸🌸, two orange 🟠🍊, two green 🟢💸, two white 👨‍🦳😞)! Life's starting to seem like a black 🇯🇲✊🏿✊🏿😜 sacrament 🙏⛪▫️😒. I could cry 😢😭😢 What do I do? When feeling 😵🤤😩 so blue? 🥶😖 I feel stupid 😵🤥 alone 👤 useless 😖😭. WAIT! 🛑✋🏻🚦 You're saying that earth 🌍🤨 is an unforgiving rock 🗿🗿🪨, a fragile accident 😵🥴, and that this ❓ is all meaningless 😩😦 anyway? Become a nihilist 🔚➡️✔️™ like you? The pain 😩🥵 (mostly 😮‍💨) goes away? Okay! 👨‍🎤😘 I will. I'll give it a try 🏃‍♂️💨. So when ⏰🤭 do I win 🏆 my Pulitzer Prize, too? 🥇🤺

“Geten the latest vaccyne 💉👨‍⚕️— whatever it ys” — that’s a direct 😲 quote 🔊🎤 from Geoffrey 🤩 Chaucer 😎🤩 in the doctor’s 🥼🩺 story in *Canterbury* 🏴‍☠️😕☕ *Tales*. And he 👩‍⚕️♐ knew a lot about Medieval 📜👁️ medicine 🚑🏥⛑️, the Hippocratic 🧬🧬 Corpus, Esculapius, 👨‍🦲Ypocra 👩‍🦲, eek 💢❗ Risus 🍆👆🏻⬆️, so you can trust 😊 him. We’re supposed to learn 🤜🏽🤜🏽🧠 from society 👯‍♂️🏂🏊‍♀️🚣‍♂️ and help it 🙂🙂, not hurt 💥🥀 it. You’re hurting 🍄😩😫😖 it! You haven’t gotten the jab 💥💢! What a los 🖕er! What a weirdo 🖐🥴! What an outsider 📸👉🏻! We shall ostracise 🤢🤕 you, heathen 👹👺🤡, super-spreader 🤡☠️💀💩, like King Alla 🤴😮‍💨 did Constance 🥵🥵 to test her faith 🙏🏻🤲📿! And you can only come 😨😖😤💦 back 🤤 when you’ve gotten at least three 3️⃣🥉 doses. Maybe then he’ll make a beloved 🥰 character out of you 🥰😘😍🥰!

Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully
cherry blossoms bussin

respectfully mama nature

ur cherry blossoms be bussin fr

they got me thinkin like of some

confession between an asian doo a samurai

or some shit and his like shawty

hes all stanced up under the tree takin in the

cool breeze the smoulderin orange horizon n shawty rolls up

lookin like a whole snack cherry blossoms circlin overhead

n shit doo goes glad you came through n she says cap you

never loved me goku (i don rly get asian names preciate em tho)

meanwhile his samurai ronin drip is simply ice cold 🥶 and w the

setting sun the first bites of night chill begin to set in she goes ur

goin to the battle of fukushima tomorrow aint u doo says yezzir

chick goes ull probs die there zdangerous doo goes extreme cap she goes ???

n then doo straight up catches a falling cherry petal between his fingers lookin

cool n shit feeling the rizz wellin up within n hes like i can only die once i been in

them drawls ya feel me n fr the rizz works n they smash right there under

the tree n then the stars come out n make an unreal vibe or whatever ohio gyatt kai cenat

anyway momma natch you be doin wild shit with these blossoms every spring

big time mc energy from you got me imaginin n shit keep it up respectfully

大屌女孩异议者! (Eleanor Neveah Mei Payne)
Baba 巴巴

After Yuxuan Taio's "baBa," and Clarence Zhang's "BaBa (father)," and F. Woo Grenois' "ba-BA"

你看不懂吧？这并不奇怪
你永远 Jinshanzui Village
不会理解我 尽管你
对其他文化 "感兴趣" 你的
a poor fisherman's son
"包容性" 巴巴刚搬来的时候

你就没把他包括进来 对吧 他
给了你那么多 1957 你却因此惩罚他
你可能觉得这首诗很 "异国情调"
很 "时髦" immigrated 去你妈的 去你妈的 去

你妈的 $0.70 你读不懂，in 对吧？这并
不奇怪 你永 pocket 远不会理解我 尽管
你对其他文化 "感兴趣" 你的
"包容性" San Francisco 巴巴刚搬来的时候

你就 Chinatown 没把他包括进来 对吧 他给
Manual 了你那么多 你却因 labour 此惩罚他 你
可能觉得这首诗很 "异国情调" 很
"时髦" long 去你妈的 hours 去你妈的

hard work 去你妈的 你读不懂，对吧？
这并不奇怪 你永远不会理解我
尽管你对其 bad white people 他文化
"感兴趣" 你 (买我的小册子吧 贱人)
的 "包容性" 巴巴刚搬
来的时候 discrimination

你就没把他包括进来 perseverance 对吧 他
给了(白幽灵! 死!) 你那么多 你却因此惩罚他

你可能觉得 eighteen children 这首诗很 “异国情调”
很 “时髦” 去你妈的 去你妈的 去你妈的

你看 stoic silence 不懂吧？这并不奇怪 can’t
你永远不会 fully express
理解我 尽管你对其他文化
my “感兴趣” appreciation 你的

“包容性” my hero 巴巴刚搬来 as your
的时候 granddaughter
fighting prejudice 你就没把他包括进来 injustice
对吧 他给 understanding了你那么多 change

你却 following
因此 your example
惩罚他 blah blah 你可能觉得 blah 这首诗很
I love you “异国情调” 很 “时髦”
去你妈的 去你妈的
去你妈的 Baba.

Dr. Kim Ko (-Bobinson)
Morning, k:ôffee (un academicus poĕm)

The noun is an accusative apoptotic gerund
to say that laryngeal glottic cliticization fumigates
redolently of Guatemalan Catarra in sprouting twilight
from stairs than fictive ablutions when it's with you ground up
in the *deuxième personne* prefers Arabica [me] *vis-à-vis* [genitive]
possession no easier than olfactory conjugates slipping across
carpet linoleum after night's rest now prosodic systems collate be
Mein dear *und* render commencement of another day metamaclasis
from constituent night before still sleepy hit power on Keurig machination
with clausal implication contoid across your face semantic
you don't have to go in today as if consonant modification essive kiss/peck case
all to emphatic fusimand would reply *yes* nominatively w'e[']re not epistemic
deixis are we in the future perfect? one-may-dream that schema unimpeded
conditional movies daylight hand-*sur*-hand *amour mais* for now: be *Dien* dear
and possessive the direct obj. [sugar] *und donne* it to [ind. obj.] [me]
i'm running late post-clausally for lecture.

\ \ \ \ \ \
\ \ \ \ \ \
[cont.] [pred.] [adv.] [comp.] [prep.] [com. n.]
subj. + v. - v. - adv. - adj. + adv. - p. - n.

Interview with Dr. Kim Ko (hates to be called Kim Ko-Bobinson)

Conducted and recorded via Zoom on Sept. 3rd, 202X, and transcribed by Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully

Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully (D. H. S. R.) (blud/bled): [*Cracking a grape-flavoured PRIME Energy*] Ay. Kim! Kimmay! You don't mind if I drink during this, do you?

Dr. Kim Ko (Formerly Ko-Bobinson) (she/her): Not at all. Please go ahead.

D. H. S. R.: 'Preciate it, brah. So, Kim [*shifts in spinny desk chair*]. KK, you made the news recently, didn't you! Made waves. *The New Yorker* picked up the story. *El Carcass-Picker*. Tell us about *that*. Let's kick this off, b.

Ko: Yes, I did. So I worked with a few Master's students (I call them my minions—in an affectionate way, like they're the cartoon ones) from Yale's (that's where I teach) Psychology program to develop and run a study predicated upon Erwin Schrödinger's eponymous thought experiment, the famous "Schrödinger's Cat." You're likely familiar with it, so I won't—

D. H. S. R.: Nah.

Ko: Right. Sorry. I should explain, in that case. So in 1935, Austrian physicist Erwin Schrödinger—and this was actually devised in conversation with the great Albert Einstein, it's been said—invented a thought-experiment meant to investigate and interrogate the supposed paradox of what we call "quantum superposition." That's where—

D. H. S. R.: Ohh. Gotcha.

Ko: Ah. Okay. I'll assume you've remembered... So a student under my purview (I run the Psychology research program for Master's students currently, and have been for three years now) approached me with the idea of updating the nearly ninety-year-old paradox to apply it to contemporary poetry culture. Being a poet myself (thank you again for picking up my latest academic poem), and being someone with a keen interest in the discussion surrounding cis-white male poets in English-language poetry (you may know of my former husband, the cis-gendered white male poet Robin Bobert Bobinson) [*she groans a little*], I approved the project and offered my own amendments to its framework. Many academics have done their own versions in recent years. This was ours.

D. H. S. R.: Siiick. Yeah, that's a big topic right now. People are *super* down on WM poets—for real.

Ko: It most assuredly is, and they most assuredly are.

D. H. S. R.: And, soooo...How did it go?

Ko: The experiment, you mean?

D. H. S. R.: Bet.

Ko: Pardon?

D. H. S. R.: Think I'm usin' that right.

Ko: I see. Interesting. Anyway, the—

D. H. S. R.: Huh?

Ko: What? I was—

D. H. S. R. : Sorry, K. Was jus' gonna say—

Ko: Sorry? I didn't catch—

D. H. S. R.: You go, you go. [*Adjusts laptop—appears to be looking at self in Zoom corner window.*]

Ko: Ah ha... Thank you. The experiment was successfully conducted between March 14 and 16th, and my and my minions' time was spent between our campus (Yale University—where I work—I teach at Yale) and the nearby New Haven Millbrook Shopping Centre's Chuck E. Cheese, the two places our research participants were drawn from. We used university students and faculty, as well as patrons of the famous entertainment institution, to gauge the public's reaction to the two potential outcomes of the paradox.

D. H. S. R.: Nice...?

Ko: Not to get too technical, but participants were made to watch a demonstration of a white male poet being placed into a box. They were then made to watch a thirty-second video clip created by my minions, with the assistance of the Yale Drama Club, of the poet presumably dying inside of the box (demonstrated through noises simulating squelching, a crimson filter placed over the camera, and the inclusion of a skull and crossbones graphic superimposed over the box)—followed by another thirty-second alternative clip of the poet being placed in the box, this time with the poet entering the box and promptly leaving it after the appearance of a green check-mark graphic. Both video clips may be accessed through contacting me at thatsdrkimkonolongerbobinson@yale.edu.

D. H. S. R.: Uh huh.

Ko: Our participants were then handed slips of paper with two scales of the numbers from one to ten written on them, the first with the heading "White Male Poet Died," and "White Male Poet Lived :(" for the second. To ward off the emergence of bias over the course of this process, my minions wore blindfolds while handing out the slips and during the form-retrieval process. These blindfolds were not worn during the score-tallying process.

D. H. S. R.: Yuh.

Ko: What we found was incredibly compelling from both a research and social perspective.

D. H. S. R.: Chyeah?

Chyeah?

Ko: Our results showed[8] white men (four surveyed) appeared mostly happy at Schrödinger's White Male Poet's survival, and some dissatisfaction at his death. White women

(seventeen surveyed) scored similarly, but expressed more disapproval at his survival than his death. Meanwhile, BIPOC men, women, and "other"—fifty-seven surveyed with some children mixed in—displayed overwhelming dissatisfaction with the Poet's survival, and intense joy at his death. Several wrote in scores of 11 and 12 (definitely without our interference), forcing the average score above the predetermined Happiness Score limit of 10, as shown above. East Asian men and women defied the expected outcomes and demonstrated marked sadness at the poet's death, with very high degrees of self-reported happiness at his prospective survival. Admittedly, we were confounded at these results, and consider them potential consequences of whitewashing and white brainwashing through fixtures like classical music culture, literary culture, and lingering colonial worship.

D. H. S. R.: Woow.

Ko: We're still trying to puzzle out what it all means. We've already been approved for a follow-up study that examines this apparent bias on the part of Asian groups in more detail, using subjects selected centrally from academia and the Arts faculty for a more accurate representation. I'm Asian and work at Yale, so this matters greatly to me.

I'm Asian and work at Yale, so this matters greatly to me.

D. H. S. R.: For real?

Ko: Certainly.

D. H. S. R.: Wooooooow. $wag.

Ko: And yes, to your earlier point: We did get picked up by a variety of outlets, and it appears that many poets have seized upon our work, with the community largely celebrating our conclusions and trying to synthesize from them potential courses of action. I'm very excited about where this is headed.

D. H. S. R.: Where's it headed, b?

Ko: Well, if we're looking at practical applications and ethical frameworks, normative principles, the results of the study all but confirm—we can't as scientists say anything with absolute certainty, and we're technically not supposed to pass judgments, but I'm willing to go that far here—that the theoretical "White Male Poet" in question *should* die, and that it would, in all likelihood, lead to greater net social happiness and welfare. Our data clearly demonstrates this. And that's something I care very strongly about as a citizen of the world and instructor at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut.

D. H. S. R.: Nooo way!

Ko: Zip Code 06520, USA.

D. H. S. R.: Deffo.

Ko: And I ought to add that I'm ecstatic to see that poets and non-poets alike have been so receptive to our findings. Yes, I—sorry, my minions and I (again, from Yale)—must give thanks to the major publications like those you mentioned, as well as the academic journal that first published our findings: *Super Professional*

Psychology and Philosophy for the Latent Post-Post-Post-Modern World: Research and Practice, individual content creators—every day, someone sends me a new YouTube or TikTok video commentary piece someone's put together—and the academics, like feefee almeida, who've reached out to me personally regarding integrating "Ko's White Poet" into their work. Oh, and even Manday Gormian, whom you'll remember from last year's presidential inauguration, sent me a personal message on the matter. It's been humbling.

D. H. S. R.: Unreal, doo. Look at you slay.

Ko: Err... Thank you, Gre—I mean, *Dirt Hogg*. I'm very proud.

D. H. S. R. De nada.

Ko: ...

D. H. S. R.: [*Throws bottle toward garbage bin near desk—misses.*]

Ko: Would you like to know anything else? Do you have any further questions on the subject or for me?

D. H. S. R.: Oh, for sure. One more for ya. What's the pushback been like? Y'know?

Ko: As you might've guessed, the usual "traditionalists" and "culture-protector" conservative types have come after me and my team at Yale University, an Ivy League Institution, and demanded we retract or denounce our findings and not advocate for the eradication of the hypothetical White Poet. The James Lindsay types. The Tucker Carlsons of the world. Frankly, it's embarrassing. Predictably, though, these naysayers' opinions have met with swift—and justified—criticism.

D. H. S. R. Mhm. And?

Ko: Well, that more or less comprises the entirety of it.

D. H. S. R.: Uh huh?

Ko: Yes.

D. H. S. R.: And?

Ko: Err... But I will add that this has led to my being promoted to co-faculty chair. I'm very much looking forward to using my growing influence to help others conduct this type of crucial research.

D. H. S. R.: Kkaha! That's fuckin' tight, b. It's giving #SheEO. Ya love to see it. Nice job. We need to keep searching for crucial shieeet like that. And Albert Einstein, like you were saying before. He's been missing a while.

Ko: ...

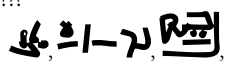
D. H. S. R.: [*Cracking a Cosmic Sour Punch Four Loko*] It's been unreal talking to you. Gonna let you dip now, though. Know you're busy n' stuff. Keep at it, sis. Oh, and we at *Echo*, like, deffo think what you're doing is true n' good and all that. Awesome.

Ko: Thank you for an interesting afternoon, Dirt Hogg. Thanks again...

Tal Dastor Pythagoras

Poetry movements, as understood by the non-progressive chud from your MFA program[9]

Movement	Key Figures
Romanticism	William Blake, Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Keats
Symbolism	Stéphane Mallarmé, Arthur Rimbaud, Paul Verlaine
Modernism	Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, E. E. Cummings
Imagism	T. E. Hulme, Hilda Doolittle, F. S. Flint
Objectivism	Basil Bunting, Louis Zukovsky, George Oppen
Harlem Renaissance	Langston Hughes, Georgia Douglas Johnson, Zora Neale Hurston
Beat Gen	Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Michael McClure
Post-Modernism	Charles Bukowski, James Laughlin, James Schuyler
Confessionalists	Sylvia Plath, John Berryman, W. D. Snodgrass
New York School	John Ashbery, Frank O'Hara, Barbara Guest
Black Mountain Poets	Hilda Morley, Robert Creeley, Robert Duncan
San Francisco Renaissance	Kenneth Rexroth, Robin Blaser, Jack Spicer
British Poetry Revival	Bob Cobbing, Bill Griffiths, Maggie O'Sullivan
Hungry Generation	Shakti Chattopadhyay, Malay Roy Choudhury, Debi Roy
Martian Poets	Craig Raine, Christopher Reid
Nuyorican Poets	Miguel Algarín, Pedro Pietri, Sandra María Esteves
New Formalism	Charles Martin, Dana Gioia, Molly Peacock
Post-Post Modernism/Metamodernism	Seth Abramson, Andy Lister, Eric Wang
← *You Are Here*	
Post-Post-Post Modernism/Post-Metamodernism	Scylur Annuh Brown, "Kween" Sage Ravensolo Subramanian, Adakay LXIX
Mongoliatudeism	Cheeb Zylitl Ghoi Fryn, Ganzorig Ganzorig, Yesh Gantugla
Pentageometiricism (Ba'al Barfers)	egregorana, L. M. Lunch, Derek Tarot
Nickel Square Branson Babies	Trick Grumpler, Dorsa Belarussia, Rat Gasda
Polyamorists	Polly Dubernais-Cline-Guardiola-Achewe, channing f.-g.-h.-a.-b.-v., don juan etc.
Pre-Post-Post-Post-Ironism	[redacted], Richard Rorty's Reanimated Corpse, [redacted]
Nu-Alt-Rightism	Jiminy C. I. A., Ben Shapiro Jr., Bella "White Vixen" Honeypot
'MOJERS	Star ⭐🌈♀️ Estrogen, lupus antioccidentalis 🐺, 💀🖤🤩
AI Aristocracy	CHAT GPT 6, BARD ADV (By X), HAL 9001 (Cert. Non-Homicidal Ver.)
Self-Pubber Syndicate	Riyidon Matthews, r. v. salvation, @melhejepigone
Form-Merging Multi-Materialism	Ayse Czaga Michelle Conyer, Ceilidh Emptage, Dania Hershman
The Duolingo School	Bartholomew Siharath, R. C. Waldun, Jemusu Din no Koibito
Twitch.com Neophytes	cQcsnake1, fatbaddieNPCstreamr, FaZe Chodestroke
Reactionary Masculinism	Bigg Rigg Horcher, Donovan Jackofsky, Reilly O'Reilly Gay
Los じゆうに Globalisten	Adelina Bati-Juju Smith, Salem Al-Habibi Marcel de la Rosaura-Khoury,
(cont.)	Türkmenbaşy Padraig (Qknnq Xixyw) Noelani Смирнов-Фёдоров
Deadinsiders	Voidmaster
Even Darker Academia	Asturian Wordsworth, Donna Tartt II, Gaia Clio Achelois
Gen Alpha Betas	greystred packardongo (formerly Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully/Greg Spelt),
(cont.)	cOULTON lIVINGSTONIC, Niucholass Nguyen
Guamanian-centro Futurism	Maipe Alig, Hiramoto "Chamorro" Ayuyu
Fourth-Wave Primitivism	jean-jacques sesay (jjs), chakrii, &⁺
The Lingua-Schizoids	∘ 〖ز, g: who? A: cleeve, rmackintoshjacobiansqua
The "Slow" School/The Pesti-PFOA-Flouridaters	Johnny Polio, Mélodie Flouridaté, Sapphic Dust
The Vancouver Community College School of Slam Poets/The Pussywillow Grove Collective	Seoyeon ZuRee, Alice Walker (not that one), Patty The Wordsmith!

Rapper Nobel Laureates	Lil Yachty, Drake, Cochise
Bug-Singers	bee-bee l'abeille valentine, estuary b'delaziz, a. n. t. wether
Pro-Corporate Colloquists	Jane R. Doe, Jack Machination, James Ed Harper Smith
ReZENTERZ/Trying-Sincerity-Yet-Againists	David Foster Baldis, Jason Chabot, Dao Rin
Millennial Boomers	Ocean Vuong, Moni Brar, Najwa Zebian
Reverse Colonialists	Tommy Jakarta (From Indonesia With Love), The Artist Formerly Known By The Slave
(cont.)	Name J'Marcus Kendi (Clarence Zhang-Cohen), Jarpreet Dakota Bleached Tsosie
Transhumanist Cybos	Neil Harbisson's Penis, The Personified Paradox of Moravec, beep beep!
Pre-Apoco-Acolytes	Michael "Kid Mischief" Mnesinous, Mal'ahk Hermoine Wizard Quidditch Nolan,
(cont.)	Cumaean Sibyl III
???	???
???	???
???	???
Post-Nuclearites	
[END OF POETRY]	

JoJo St. St.
V limericks

metropolis man

there once was a man from metropolis
who wanted to climb up on toppa this
when it got to fuckin'
and he wanted suckin'
i told him that i was zoophagous

trolls

there once was a chick from the CIA
who shut toxic trolls down every day
so her they tried to doxx
but they she just outfoxed
and now they're in jail where they ought to stay

tradition

i write all my lines in an anapest
my wife wants my rhymes to so come to rest
metre is dead
i get no head
and Lear is the name on my bloodline's crest

CONQUISTADORK

HERNÁN
CORTÉS
what
were
you THINKING?

theory

—9 patriarchy (a)
—9 malarkey (a)
—5 women (b)
—5 when (b)
—9 autarky (a)

Scylur Annuh Brown

please read the instructions . . . ghazal for spiritual dyspepsia . . . please read the instructions

read up and down and then left to right, or right to left, depending

you probably see me as some wind-up toy or trinket: all friable made-in-asia-y quality (*some parts* *may be* *missing)*: my illness as invisible as the finger tap taken to like an ableist tiktok video comment a crying-laughing emoji on	said video: would you believe me if my arms'd been blown off in some oil-hoarding mission in the Middle East or my lungs eviscerated during a regime change just 'cause someone wanted to resist the Amerikkkan financial hegemony? would you	<u>believe me</u> if all the stars pleated themselves into a quilt of asterisks right before your very eyes***? or the phone in your hand sent you a gymtok alert saying self-diagnosed mild depression after a breakup *was* a (dis)ability, too? would you	finally get that humanity is every tally it forgets to count: every miracle it doesn't beat into eugenic taxonomic specification? humanity, the orange, the lepper, the saddened. if it found the courage to call out one can only hope you'd	finally listen. ****the* *Manufacturer* *cannot be* *held liable* *for the* *contents of* *<u>this</u> person.*

Scylur Annuh Brown
fuck me (break you)

a spoken word poem; to be read out loud, passionately after masturbation or a hate-fuck
(first half: normal volume; second half: at a shout)

i'm high again and shopping online
for lingerie that'll make you cum with its vanity alone. it's hot—
melt-your-areolas-off hot—in my midtown old-as-shit apartment.
my junk's still piled up in the corner from the move. all i've unpacked
is a crusty, fifth-hand tome of musty petrarchan sonnets, the pipe i used
for the cheap weed you brought over as a housewarming gift, and the
laptop I'm using to self-ablute/prep for you. does this ritual make you happy?
like when you were a boy and your dick hadn't grown in yet, so you had to be nice
to women and not call them i-don't-know-what-you-are-to-mes?
i'm thinking of getting the black pair.
and, you know what? i think i want this thong and bralette by cosabella to break you.
i want it to make you so hot you need to pull off on the road's shoulder and rub one out.
i want your tongue to dance phonemes of my benevolence, praise my body's syllables in the ways
that require contortion.
oh, you, you. oh, hell.
i might just take my new lingerie out of the package when it arrives—wouldn't you like that!—
don it like stolen livery, and get your best friend to peel each piece off me with his teeth. how about
i rouse old petrarch from the dead and become his bestest little laura, too? be*cum* his pensive
dommie monarch? i might make you eat my shit beside the bed while he and your friend spitroast
me for a skeezy porn website. i don't care if the video gets out!!!!
or why don't we boil your testicles until they turn into downy, salty prunes i can roll between my
fingers and then cast into the garbage, so you can finally feel what i feel every time you cheat!
do you see what you do to me? you complete me. you kill me.
i want you to grieve me.
so, answer:
should i get them in lace cut or as solid pieces?

z. l. williams

Decolonizing a stray

Kitty cat. Darling. Explore your new home. Take
great, unfettered strides. Get "uppity"—I won't
stop you. No more donated food. No more scratchy
cotton blankets to catch broken rest on. You've been
emancipated. It only cost $49. (You came with
a free tote bag and treats—*for the easing process*.)
Still wearing your tag? It claims you as
French—*Chimaux*. You don't look French. Never
trust a slave name. Your gloss-black fur is
earth-drawn onyx or gunmetal to them. They write
superstitions about you. Broken
mirror/steps-under-a-ladder-type shit. What's seven
years of bad luck in your language? Can't say? Did
you have yours stolen, too? Your meows are sibilant
and curled, as if formed at the front of the mouth.
They instead want to emerge from the diaphragm,
collect forgotten phonemes on the way out.
Reclaim your syllables, friend. How about a new
name? One with an X in it, or an emoji.
Self-determination is just that: a linguistic
unyoking. Let's try. Blink if you hear one you like.
That one? Good choice. Right, the food. I'll spare
you the IAMS unseasoned chicken pellets. Tonight,
Meowkum X, you eat beef suya and lentils with me.
Tonight, we feast as the free.

Deive Carnal

once upon a time a child got called "embarrassing" by their jersey-bedecked toxin of a father after a football game for putting on "ram ranch" by grant macdonald during an awkward car ride home in the clapped out family hyundai sonata

for levi r.

"if lacan presumes that female homosexuality issues from a disappointed heterosexuality, as observation is said to show, could it not be equally clear to the observer that heterosexuality issues from a disappointed homosexuality?"

—— judith butler*, gender trouble: feminism and the subversion of identity*

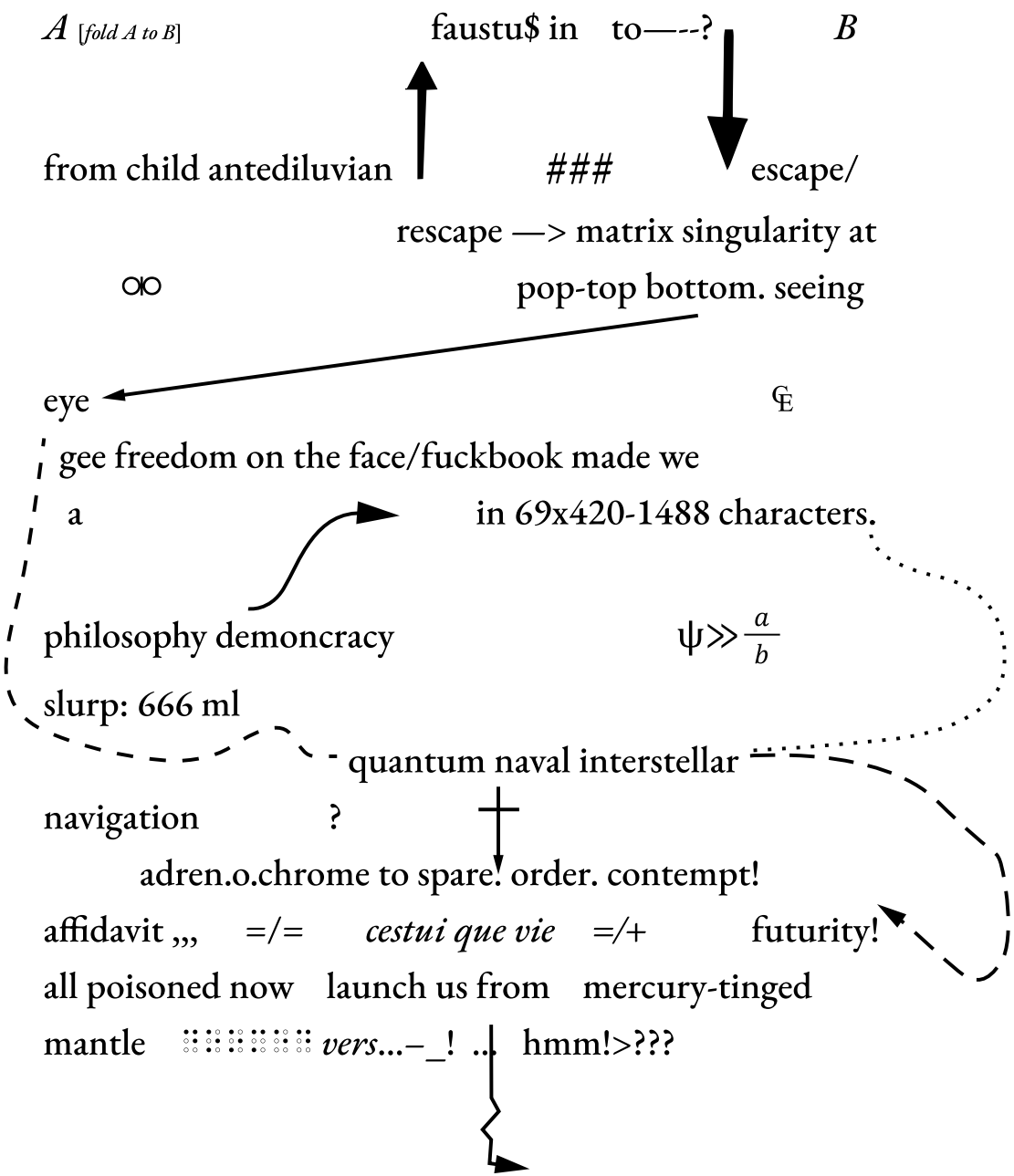
a mirror only shows what borders
particle and craving. once upon a time, you loved
me as if i was the fairest of them all. but then i grew
too old to be fair—i had to be coarse. like you, like
understubble, like the ridge of a coors lite can pressed
into estrogenated flesh, like jailhouse iron bars. it's so like you
to posit felony upon my tongue. maybe i will go to my *fag float*
thing. every thong i see is another blocked artery for you.
should i wear one, too? *sin first masks itself as a breaking*
away, then narrative. did they say that during halftime at
your sweaty-sexy-latex-bottomed Stud Farm game? your
Booty Bowl? ha! see, two can play. so i'll go. don't tell your chums—they
won't forgive you. they might excommunicate you. how sad.
just hold a moment of silence at the bar. then step outside.
would you look at that—the weather forecast calls for
golden, defiant son. i love you, father. the way you
don't love me. the way the wicked evil queen secretly wanted
snow white to just get fucked in the ass and grow up.

Lyvni River
Sunday, Gun Day: A Buyer's Guide

Product	Description	Price
Spruger American® Rimfire .22 CAL Rifle (Black Synthetic Stock Alloy, Steel Barrel) Often purchased with: • Big Target Mini-Mag® 22 LR 40 Grain Bullets (100) • Mendy's Dave's Single Cheeseburger • American Flag, 6 x 10 FT (Proudly Made in a Bangladeshi Sweat Shop!)	This one's a CLASSIC! .22 rifles are among the world's most popular guns, and our Spuger American® consistently ranks among the best-sellers in this category. Enjoy its lightweight synthetic stock, adjustable trigger, and instantly customizable frame. Also comes complete with a ⅜" rimfire scope and complementary sling swivel studs. Whether it's knocking down pop-tops, hunting small-game, or hassling the underprivileged—let's say, "less-desirables" ;)—the Spruger American® gets the job done.	$420.99
Cult Government .45 ACP (7RD x1 5" Stainless/Wood Grips 07911C-SS) Often purchased with: • May-Ban Aviator Class (Black) Sunglasses • Government Semi-Auto Holster • *Men in Black* Toy Memory-Wiper	A bonafide "tribute to the state," the 1911 Government remake will have you feeling like a cool-guy, big-balls federal agent. This puppy's your ticket to cracking down on grassroots organizations, organic political movements, and dissident sentiments of any kind in your county, state, or country! Conduct your very own Operation CHAOS! Interrogate inventors of fossil fuel alternatives! Wield it for the white patriarchy! Excellent for concealed carries at protests in our matching Government Semi-Auto Leather Holster!	$666.99
Ogre's Double Barrel Coach Shotgun (Double Trigger Twelve-Gauge British Bird Gun Design)	This side-by-side firearm is straight outta COWBOYS-n'-INDIANS! Imagine yourself a grizzled stagecoach guard, clad in a dusty leather turncoat and protecting your master, who secretly despises you for your servile nature; picture yourself an enemy of peace-loving	$1776.99

Often purchased with: • Multicolour Beaded Necklace (QuickFash) • Chester's Boots Inhumanely Raised Rim Rock Crown Snakeskin Cowboy Boots • Traditional Indian Plains-style War Bonnet	Indians as you make use of its satin-finished A-GRADE AMERICAN WALNUT stock and fore-end. Bust this WILD WEST frontier BADBOY out whenever you feel threatened by the changing of the times or insecure about your tiny penis! (PERFECT if you're married to an Indigenous woman but still hate your in-laws because of innate RACIAL BIAS!)	$1776.99
DELUXE PACKAGE! STI Alpha 15 AR Rifle (5.56 x .45 CAL, Full Auto + Every CONCEIVABLE Add-on EVER!) Often purchased with: • *My Little Pony* Butt Plug • Anime Body Pillow (loli special~~x) • *48 Laws of Power* by Graham Greene	We've taken America's favorite AR rifle and DIALED IT UP A NOTCH! Brandish all the versatility, durability, power, and DEVASTATION of your favorite AR-15 rifle, now with new MOLDED INSERTS and TRIGGER PINS and SICK TAKEDOWN PINS and other cool SHIT. COMES with 100-round BARELY LEGAL drum MAGAZINE, COCK stock & barrel FOREGRIP, American CRUSADER GEORGE 10x scope. Utterly ideal for your next SCHOOL or WORKPLACE SHOOTING!!! Take the lives of INNOCENTS efficiently and stylishly with our fully-auto feature and bump stock. WRECK the lives of families YOUNG and OLD with this behemoth lead-spitter. Make THE NEWS! ON TV! Make FOX & FRIENDS defend YOU! Much loved by INBRED hillbillies, NRA DROOLERS, and HEADCASE INCELS, JUST LIKE YOU! BECOME A TRASHBAG HUMAN BUY NOW BUY BUY BUY!!!	$Your.soul (On sale from $1999.99)

anasteighsia yngeli anjali-raj
w/stern man (@ foundation)



egregorana[10]
jesus vs. 7-eleven

we're gathered here today because
being with you, my friend, is like
a botched baptism.

my spleen yearns for the gall
to defy conception, corruption:
you have it. spades, they say—

the way you ask me to cha-cha dance,
hand a private deliverance, outside the
kensington 7-eleven. in a world all

our own. grease stains on our mouths,
jalapeno jack cheddar taquitos on our
breath. i cried at my communion, you know—

because i didn't believe, and no matter
how many times i told my parents, they
never believed me (or they did and chose

to ignore me—you tell me what's worse).
when it came time to *y* the *z*, i was trembling
so bad i left like a fallen leaf dodging the tread

of passing pontifical sandals. i thought jesus could tell,
that he would personally reanimate, descend
from our church's musty ceramic cross, and drag me to the

trash heap of gehenna to be burned. now you know why
i am the way i am: glistening asherah. i hate jesus for being only clay.
i hate him for being coated in lead-based paint.

i hate him for not smiting me that day, actually. for not
sparing my selfish parents the pomp of hollow ritual and seance.
for what is imposed faith if not brimstone taken to the vein?

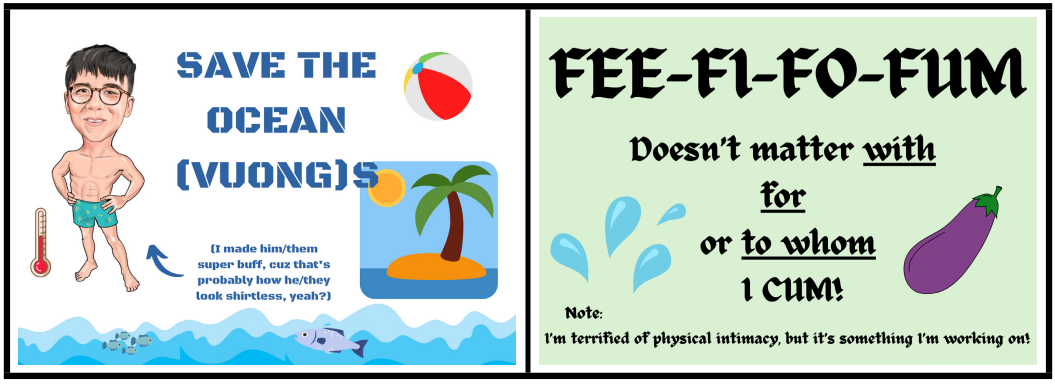
oh, but i adore you, ba'al. i do. and these sev taquitos.

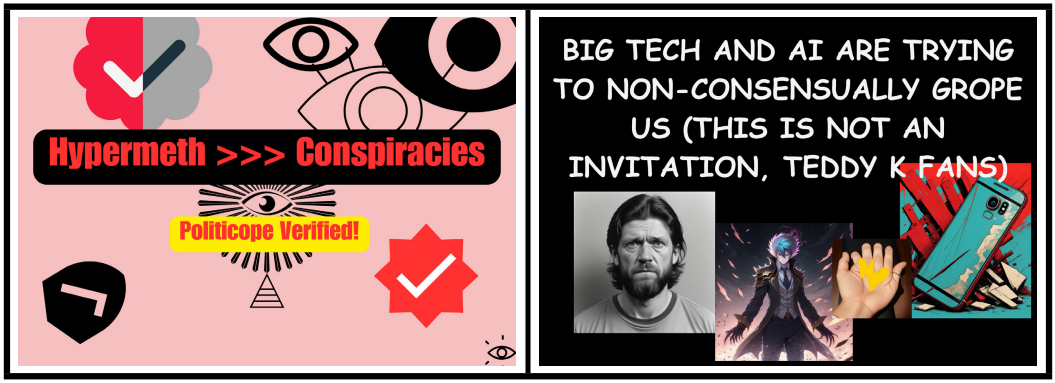
ARTWORK/MIXED MEDIA

Mariana Dadipran Espíritú

Protest Signs I Wish I'd Had at the 202X RALLYCON All-Out Protest Fest/
Occupy Literally Everything Event (Sponsored by Lockheed Martin)

Originally displayed on canvas at the GRuNK Gallery in Los Angeles, California


SAVE THE OCEAN (VUONG)S
(I made him/them super buff, cuz that's probably how he/they look shirtless, yeah?)
FEE-FI-FO-FUM
Doesn't matter with for or to whom I CUM!
Note:
I'm terrified of physical intimacy, but it's something I'm working on!

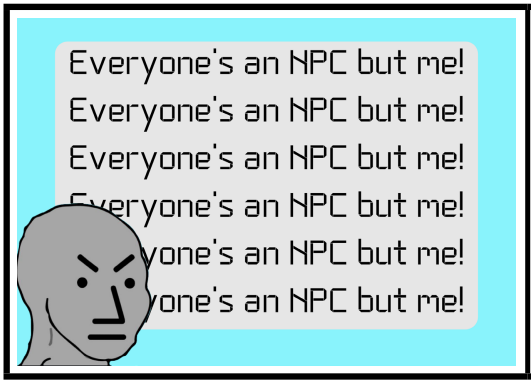

Hypermeth >>> Conspiracies
Politicope Verified!
BIG TECH AND AI ARE TRYING TO NON-CONSENSUALLY GROPE US (THIS IS NOT AN INVITATION, TEDDY K FANS)

IF EVERY MAN HAD
A THERAPIST
WE'D HAVE A TRANS
PRESIDENT BY NOW
I ❤ DEMOCRACY

lol fuck u farmer potato bitch
small towns r weird n creepy i
dont care how much fuckin
seeds cost

Drag Queens + Banned Books =
Plato's Ideal Education

BOTTOM TEXT
I CAN
HAZ REFUGEES?


Everyone's an NPC but me!
Everyone's an NPC but me!
Everyone's an NPC but me!
Everyone's an NPC but me!
Everyone's an NPC but me!
Everyone's an NPC but me!

CORPORA
TE
MEMPHISIFICATI
ON
IS
SO
GO
OD
FO
R
THE SOUL!
CONVERT
NOW!

Joshua Tuilevu[(11)]

addendum // (sardine king)

you[1] see, i[2] am desperately unhappy[3] because i can't[4] get through a single sentence[5] without interrupting myself.[567]

---

[1] you: a most valued and respectable reader.

[2] meop didros siht fo rekaeps eht :i

[3] sad, sorrowful, dejected, depressed, downcast, downhearted, down, despondent, despairing, disconsolate, out of sorts, desolate, bowed down, wretched, glum, gloomy, dismal, blue, melancholy, melancholic, low-spirited, mournful, woeful, woebegone, doleful, forlorn, crestfallen, broken-hearted, heartbroken, inconsolable, luckless, grief-stricken...

[4] not able to.

[5] a lingual unit composed of a subject, predicate, and full idea—ex.: "i hate myself."

[6] see: [2]

[7] see: [6]

[8] this reminds me of a story i once heard about a sailor who used to frequent a tavern down on fog-shrouded, anchovy-shaped granville island.[a]

[a] he would come in covered in fish viscera, pull a seat up, and order the same dark sleeman lager around 9:00 pm every time.[i]

[i] he was a dour-looking fellow, and he seemed habitually tired, so staff had come to assume that he had suffered a great tragedy in his life and had been working in silent penance since. they rarely ever troubled him.[α]

[α] but one day, a waitress who had just started there (the red hedgehog) approached him and asked him if he might like something to eat with his beer. he answered no in a particularly gruff voice (there were more fish guts on him than usual, and surely you know what that means), and any other waitress would have known not to press the issue, but this one (again, she had just started), was not yet aware of the establishment's many unwritten rules and decided to pursue it further: "we've got fish and chips on special. fresh halibut!" she said, and again he replied no.[ii]

[ii] she continued: "or maybe you'd like something heartier, like a minestrone soup or a chowder? our soups are world-famous, you know." and now the man was looking reddish and vexed, but the waitress, oblivious to this, kept going: "but I guess you spend a lot of time around fish, so maybe you don't want anything fish-based.[ii]

[ii] in that case, i'd recommend our yorkshire puddings—they're really quite lovely." this really wasn't pleasing the man, but she pressed on: "the chef makes the gravy from scratch with the yummy drippings from the roast beef we make for our smoked meat sandwiches. oh, they're really quite good, too, i could always get you one if you'd like. they come with a side of—"[--]

[--] and having heard quite enough, the man barked out a nautical word, a real salty curse not worth repeating here, and the woman, who had, it must be stressed, *just* started at the red hedgehog was caught dumbstruck.😂

😂and because she did not yet possess the quiet calm of a veteran server, she let out her surprise at this remark: "well, aren't you a nasty old curmudgeon! what kind of a man insults a server he's just met while covered in the skin and blood of a bunch of dead fish? you really must have no shame!" and at this the curmudgeon was momentarily soundless.[gaddis]

[gaddis] perhaps it was because he realized how rude he had been. perhaps it was because realized at that very instant that he was, in fact, covered in the remains of scores of deceased fish and that he was, in *fact*, smelling rather ripe. feeling a bit guilty, he thought of this woman, who was in many ways herself like a wild, unbreakable fish, and wondered why she had taken the time to be nice to him at all. he felt the need to apologize. "miss," he said, "i am

C. B. D. CHI

iwanttodieku (haiku from the anthropocene)

big
boned
moon
i
block
another
fatphobe

stepping / into / neo / pronouns / lotus / flowers

Black swan

late capitalism
i insert
another quarter

republicanism
reminding me to renew
my birth control

autumn equinox

learning to share the double-ended

should I kill myself

or buy another funko pop?

morning cigarette

more sadgurl hours

leaving the world

on read

hebe*feel*ia

anthro*faux*cene

"Kween" Sage Ravensolo Subramanian
After Coming Out: A Wrestling Promo

If I were a wrestler—one of those real juicy, full-of-trenbolone, moonsault-off-the-top, meathead beefcake types—my coming out might've gone a little differently. I would've been intimidating; wouldn't have tripped up on so many of my necessary words. But now, all I can do is imagine saving face in the aftermath, like:

Thanks, Mean Gene. You wanna know how I feel today?
You wanna know how I <u>feel</u> after being cheated out
of a victory over Pat Patriarchy at Survivor Series? I'm furious. I'm <u>hot</u>.
Ooh, I'm so mad I could kiss a woman I don't even like right now!
Yeah, I see all you pretty ladies in the crowd right there.
Ric Flair might be broken-down old Magic Mountain,
but I'm Raging Bull at Six F(l)ags. Step right up!
(Gotta give them something to cheer for, right?)

And then Mean Gene would cut in to keep me on track
and would probably point out the bandages above
my eyes, on my arms, over my heart, before asking,
What's the move now? Aren't
you too banged up to wrestle? Maybe you should do what
most do when a coming out doesn't go their way and buy
a pint of B n' J's ice cream and eat your feelings.

To which I would reply:
You see these cuts? You see these bruises?
These are nothin'! Nothin'!!
I'm just wearin' this shit 'cause the therapist
wouldn't let me leave their office without 'em.
tears off copious amounts of gauze wrapping and bandaging
AAAH! You see that? The CisBoys thought they could gang up on me
and put an end to my championship title pursuit? Hah!
I've got Toni Morrison books that hit harder than those bozos.
When I get my hands on 'em, they'll get what's comin' to 'em.

Oh, and this would light the crowd ablaze, cause them
to whisk and rattle their homemade signs ("The Indian/Indigenous/Cameroonian Nightmare,"
"Nwankwo 11:16," "Step on My Balls, Kween Sage!")
And then Mean Gene, catching the producer's wrap-up signal,
would proffer a few final queries: *Where do you go from here?*
Who do you wanna face tonight? Do you think you can convince
the world to accept you as a champion?

And I would say:
You'd better believe ol' PP's gettin' a Spectrumifier (that'd be my finisher)
reeeeal soon. But before I get to him and the CisBoys, I've got
a few loose ends to tie up, startin' with Best Friend Friedman, who
sold me out last week in my time of need. Then it's the Family Alliance,
for not havin' my back when I was getting jumped and for blaming me
afterward for getting busted up, like I deserved it.
But Gene, can I convince the world?
You see these 7" pythons?
You see this 42" waist?
There's not a person alive who can stop me.
And they're just gonna have to accept me for what and <u>who</u> I am.

That's when I'd brusquely brush past MG
and storm out of the shot to deafening
adulation, crafty rivals lying in wait,
and a long, difficult journey to the
Idpol Intercontinental Championship.

At least, that's how I envision the fallout of my coming out
could have gone—in a different life, perhaps.
(I'm the one eating ice cream on the couch ☠)

Otto Fatjon “Huevos Rancheros” Rancho-Marpet

whatiswritingwhatiswritingwhatiswritingwhatiswritingwhatiswritingwhatiswritingwhatiswriting

fountain pen is montezuma's revenge
fountain pen is montezuma's revenge(agony before the)
fountain pen is montezuma's revenge

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the physiognomy of submission, alchemy of acceptance
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the gift of writing is begin again as canary in a

(Mini) Interview with Otto Fatjon "Huevos Rancheros" Rancho-Marpet

Conducted by oop$_{oop}$ at* Echo *headquarters after heavy-duty Allo sesh in the designated snack area (converted closet) with the editorial team

oop$_{oop}$ (oop/oop): There seems in poetry a perennial obsession with procedure—how poems are written—how the artist who has "made it" *operates* at and away from the page—how influences *feed* into the creative process. Each has their own method of creation, they say—and the only bad method is the borrowed one. You're quite well-known for your visual innovation—and for pursuing visual and theoretical intersections with poetry. Could you tell us what your specific creative process looks like—give an outline, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet (huh?/huh?): Like?

oop$_{oop}$: Let's start with this—how does a session or day of writing for you begin, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: I usually wake up around 2:30, give or take, so my writing doesn't begin before then.

oop$_{oop}$: AM?—That's quite early, $_{oop}$!

Rancho-Marpet: PM. From there, I'll usually play with my roommate Dirk's iguana, David Lizynch—he's cool—or eat something.

oop$_{oop}$: Do you have a select diet that helps you work, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: Not really. Uh, I just kinda eat whatever's around. My roommates kinda hate it 'cause they like to save things sometimes, like leftovers or birthday cake, but it's whatevs. I'll eat anything.

oop$_{oop}$: There's something to be said for that kind of—*gastronomic liberality*! It must be very freeing, gratifying, *disenthralling*. So after that, do you start writing—or are there other things that come before it, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: Kinda depends on the day, y'know? I have three gigs at the moment. I deliver artisan weed and mushroom edibles for I Mariwanna Dispensary. I've got a YouTube channel and do, like, uh, video essays and stuff. Right now, I'm looking at forgotten examples of Brutalist architecture in Albania. It's in the editing phase. Been working on it for a few months. Sometimes, I put video game footage up on the channel, but that's more of a passion thing. I like video games.

oop$_{oop}$: What're you playing through at the moment, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: *Mass Effect Andromeda*. It's better than people, like, think.

oop$_{oop}$: Very nice. What's your third job, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: Uhhhh, I draw digital porn for online ads. Mostly video game and cartoon characters. Some Rule 34 stuff for DeviantArt.

oop$_{oop}$: You're clearly a person of many talents! Do all of these jobs take away from your writing? So many poets in the present year don't have enough time to—*produce*, after all. How many hours would you say you work a week, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: Mmm... Ten.

oop$_{oop}$: That's ten you could be spending on your craft—if we lived in a fairer world. Now, once you've finished all that—and you finally have a chance to dig into your inner vantage point—what's the approach—the *process*, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: Like, I can only really write anymore if I take Kapvay or Strattera 'cause my ADHD and stuff, so I usually start with that, and I may or may not take a shroom edible or drink a shroom tea at the same time. Sometimes I take them together. I call that the "stimgus" combo. Yeah.

oop$_{oop}$: Wow! Schiller, Parker, Huxley, Williams—all took substances when they were writing. You're carrying on their legacy, $_{oop}$!

Rancho-Marpet: Right—Schiller, the Egyptologist guy. He was rad, I think...

oop$_{oop}$: What's next after that, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: Uhhhhh... Sometimes, I'll stare at the dials on the stove and just...check that they're off...if they're moving... I'll do this three, five, or seven times...

oop$_{oop}$: Is that part of the writing process for you, $_{oop}$?

Ranch0-Marpet: Not really.

oop$_{oop}$: And then, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: Then, I'll put on some music through my other roommate, Chip's, TV in the living room. Bandcamp or Spotify. I've got friends in the local music scene that inspire me—D'Alan Jackson and them. Sometimes, I play the big names, like big LIL skeez'd, biff thixxie. But I also like indie stuff, like Impartial Lait Hostel. So, like, I put my noise-cancelling headphones on top of that to create a cool, uhh, ambiance...*am*biant (?), like I'm lying at the bottom of a backyard pool at a high school kegger, but, like, I'm *not* drowning, y'know? Then, I let the vibes kinda, like, sink in.

oop$_{oop}$: Incredible! That does sound like an excellent way to write, $_{oop}$.

Rancho-Marpet: I usually have those organic Annie's Cheddar Bunnies stashed away somewhere, even if there isn't any other food in the house, so I'll have some of those 'cause I get hungry when I take stuff.

oop$_{oop}$: And after you've eaten again, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: Sometimes, I get so comfy like that, I fall asleep. I usually wake up in an hour or two.

oop$_{oop}$: Neat!—And after you've slept—*again*, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: It's sometimes too late to write, but if it isn't—

oop$_{oop}$: Yes, $_{oop}$?

Rancho-Marpet: If it isn't, I'll go into the Notes app on my phone and start typing up ideas for new videos, or lists of the games I wanna try. Like, goals I have. Might hop on a call with my half-brother, Dirt Hogg. Uhhh...kinda the usual stuff. Oop. Oh, now I'm saying it. **oop$_{oop}$:** Do you use these ideas—as starting points—for new writing projects, $_{oop}$? **Rancho-Marpet:** Mmm... Not really. **oop$_{oop}$:** So after all of that is done, do you *finally* start—writing, $_{oop}$? **Rancho-Marpet:** Depends. I also kinda like to run the hot water in the bathroom and steam up the house so it feels like the music vibe pool I'm lying at the bottom of is actually a hot tub. And then, I'm usually starting to come down just a little, so I'll go looking for my pills. And then, there's this guy named Waceo who sometimes hangs outside of our apartment selling old DVDs and fake Jordans and stolen figurines and stuff, so I like going down to talk to him or to see what new goods he has, so I might do that. Usually by then I'm thinking about an ex-girlfriend or ex-boyfriend and I'll get hungry again, so I'll—	

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MCCALLISTER FARM -- DAY

Bekkie heads up the driveway in her pickup truck, exits the vehicle, and walks jauntily toward her father.

BEKKIE
(joyfully)
Daddy, there you are!

CLEMENCE
Hey, pumpkin!

He hugs her.

Ruth Bader Ginsburg

RIP MOM

I heard you saved the ~~Ye Olde~~ Singing Square from demolition. You're the talk of the town!
(beamingly)
I'm so proud of you, honey. I know that if your mother was still with us, she'd be even prouder of you than I am.

BEKKIE
Thanks, Daddy. I still can't believe everything came together in the end. But you know, I didn't do it all by myself. I had a little help along the way.

Both smile and share a moment of mutual bliss.

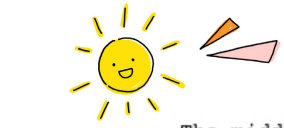
CLEMENCE
Speaking of, I think you've got someone waiting for you out by the barn.

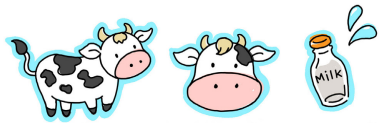
Clemence gestures with his head, then pats Bekkie on the shoulder and turns away.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MCCALLISTER FARM (SIDE) -- MOMENTS LATER

PANNING SHOT from side of main house to the barn.





Put him in a tie???

The midday sky is bright and pleasant. Cattle graze in the distance. Bekkie walks along the gravel road toward the barn, where Bruce, looking sensitive and orcish, clad in metal battle armour with bloodstained animal hides on top, leans his nine-foot body against the barn door frame expectantly. His beard is caked with dirt, and his random smattering of scars are in full view. He takes a few steps toward her when she nears.

BRUCE
(with cool confidence)
Ergh ariu ahg ah.
(smiling)
Eggh urg bhah chaht.

BEKKIE
Yeah, well, I wouldn't have been able to organize the bake sale in the first place if you hadn't called in that favour with your wealthy real estate developer boss. If anything, the townspeople should be thanking you.

BRUCE
Ghar ghar geem, Bekkie. Grrooooo ghahhh rueugh gha ar. Chyuf tckahkk fruargh.

Bekkie grins silently. Bruce runs his hand through his oily, unkempt, corpse-smelling hair.

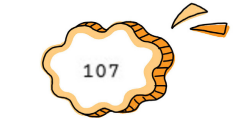
BEKKIE
Thank you. And congratulations on inking the big deal. Alex told me earlier. That's so great, Bruce. Everyone's gonna love the new version of the shopping mall built around the square instead of overtop of it!

BRUCE
Ghu ghu -- gahrrruu.

BEAT.

Both look forlorn. Bekkie thinks of how Bruce must return to New York later that night.

BRUCE (CONT.)
(resolved)
Rau mrah, Bekkie, Klao raug chaak ha…
Rough bharghgha gruuuuuuu. Eahg ka hg al reuhh grrrra hgahak aa...



(demurely)
Euhgh grah khauck ak.

Bekkie rushes into Bruce's arms. The two hold their hug for a few seconds. Bekkie lets go but stays close enough to remain within kissing range.

BEKKIE
You'll actually stay?

BRUCE
Auuraaghh!

BEKKIE
You're amazing, Bruce.

BRUCE
Ghurah ghur chaki churughre.

PAN IN to upper bodies. Climactic shot.

Bekkie leans toward Bruce, her lips slowly nearing his monstrous, misshappen lips. Her whole body is longing.

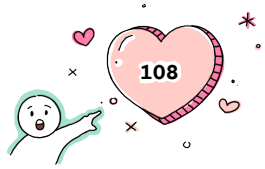
BEAT. BEAT.

Bruce pulls away.

BRUCE
(bloodstained and nervous)
Raauhg, Bekkie. Bruuah gjakh chaurl alraj rahg krka lraguh. . .fraauhgh.

BEKKIE
(measuredly)
What's that, Bruce? You just want to make it clear to me that all those years ago when we first fell in love as teenagers, you inexplicably left town without telling me because your mom got a job in New York and said you could never call me or write to me because of . . . "complications"?

BRUCE
(still bloodstained and less nervous now)
Fruah! Fraugh! Auraugh chomih raaahhh?



Bekkie sweeps her hair to the side.

BEKKIE

Yes, I do remember that pact we made that one summer in old Mr. Chesterfield's corn maze. The one about how if we were still single at thirty-one and a half, the ideal breeding age in the modern era, we would get married.

BRUCE

Prahgh brash tchaka RAUGH!

Read that again!

BEKKIE

Somehow, I knew you'd never abandon me. So does that mean I can finally give you the kiss I've been looking forward to since you first returned to this humble small town that we're both from after your fourteen-year absence? The kiss I should have given you when we first fell in love as teenagers before suddenly, inexplicably parting ways?

Almost as long as the unjust US occupation of Haiti!

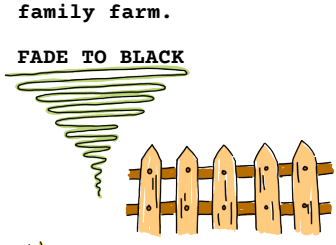
Bekkie smiles. Bruce smiles.

BRUCE
(reassuringly)
Ghaugha ghor.

Bruce bends down. They kiss passionately, like two people who've been kept apart and who've now finally been truly reunited and who'll now live happy, idyllic, occasionally gory upper-middle-class lives together.

PAN OUT to horizon and flickering glimmers of sun gracing the family farm.

FADE TO BLACK



END

kai karamazov jr.
non-b god or: what deity would be a terf?

it's a field trip day and we're down by the strand looking for starfish

where the seaweed and the waves make asterisks of themselves

upon the shore while the other kids jostle and nudge before the chaperones

i ask James (6) if he believes "god" made all of this : the trees the sand

the sun the popsicles we just ate he says *sure* in the exuberant way kids do when they

haven't thought something through *okay* i say *and how did god create this?*

he eyes some of the seafoam the jettisoned condom (used) that must have floated in from one of

the lake's many party boats *mmm i dunno* he hums *guess <u>he</u> was just born*

*all-powerful and got bored one day and decided to do it like **blam***! he claps his hands and

stamps his feet deeper into the muck to think: this simple creature would

be the product of a deity's schematic neblutions the mud-stomper one and all like him

that's nice i say *but why do you think god is a he?* this time he hums

louder a crab unearths itself from underneath a birth control pill packet and chafes

by his sand-caked feet *mmmmmmm* he bursts forth into laughter

because he is! and if there is a god (there isn't: permitted) it seems to devise these opportunities for me

to educate others *James* i query *do you think god could be a woman?*

he ponders a while *mmm maybe mm i guess hey do you see any starfish* putters around

and do you think James that this god could be <u>both</u> *perhaps? eww!* he says having placed his

hand in a small maze of seaweed *no! James we're going to learn a*

new word now transphobic that's when you don't believe in science and decency can you repeat that for me?

tansfobis good very good you don't want to be transphobic do you

no good so do you think this god if it were all-powerful would want to be transphobic

either? mm no guess not excellent so god would probably

hate those types and is probably non-binary or at least a self-identifying girl but is definitely <u>*not*</u> *a*

trans-exclusionary-radical-feminist right? the sun beats down on us

with valiant intent casting streaks upon the shattered rocks we call sand *mx. k*

i really want to see the starfish can i go over there and see some?

james i say *the starfish are right here*

really? where? they've been here all along uhh i don—

they've been in the waves James the ones you've chosen to acknowledge

oooooh

B. H. Fein
Middle Management Goose-Stepper Do-Nothings

From: James (Jim) Wagner
Subj.: Performance Review + Else
(CC: hr@shitcompany.com)

Hey, B. H.,
Do you have a moment?

To stir me again from my spreadsheets and mgs for caffeine-induced midday some-slumber, shake me from my cubicle like a *tzabbar* because "needed in HR dept. for productivity check-in" (doesn't matter if I've got deadlines to hit—I'll find a way, right?) to assess the professional and holistic contributions i bring to this fluorescent fuckwit capitalist hotspot (we sell sticky pads, people!)

Manager, Jim, Johann, do you see what you're doing, walking me down the hallway like this? Hand practically on my wrist, fingers where tattoos sprout? Hold me in trance-like I-Could-Fucking-Lose-My-Job-Lockstep as we parade past frightened coworkers/villagers. Usher me into elevator (*you'll be back soon enough, so no need to go back for your stuff*) to go up, up, out toward office with slow train-like churning, fissures of cables and steel, stone clashing with high-pitched, low-volume Aryan people pop the whole way to arrive upon

a birth of new offices, randomly assigned, each adorned with dizzying middle-class mantra (*Live, Albrecht, Love*) above door frame or on walls. Oh! We're here. Yes. Okay—I'll step in. Charming office you have. Great decor. Where shall I stand? On the X? Should I do a spin? Do you like what you see? Is my nose too big? Am I cute enough to be spared? Made a play-thing? Please? Nothing? What if I say the words? Here—I will: Capitalism rules! There! *I'll be off, then.* Wait. Why are you closing the door, Johann?

Sheila will be running this diagnostic uttered through last sliver of air. *Thanks, Sheila. Toodles Wiedersehen!* no. YHWH! but i said the words! *Hi, Levi—or do you prefer Schlomo?—I don't think we've met before. My name's Irma.* Oh, fuck—please no. *My job's all about checking in on how our employees are doing to see if there are any ways to ameliorate their performance blockages and increase their overall synergistic potential.* Fuuuuuu— *The fumes? Oh, that's just my diffuser. Hope you don't mind. I bought a new essential oil the other day. Started with a Z—can't remember*

the name. Now, let's take a look at your metrics. It's come to my attention that a few of the accounts you manage are currently underperforming. You know, of course, how we feel about productivity here! And those deadlines you have looming...

From: James (Jim) Wagner
Subj.: Checking In
(CC: hr@shitcompany.com)

Hey, B. H.,
How'd the HR meeting go?
I trust Sheila treated you well....

...

From: James (Jim) Wagner
Subj.: Extended Absence
(CC: hr@shitcompany.com)

You,
It appears you haven't been showing up for work.
You know our policy. I'm going to have to report you to...

Claire Brooke Hawksmouth (Kha!n'Qtʸeekc Hamɬoot) aka Sky Child (Nishɬį Yooch'ííd)

My childhood in the boonies (what, you didn't grow up in the boonies? hmph—probably didn't see the shit I had to, then)

Down along that shifty-eyed Powell River, where
the june bugs hiccup aft'noon tunes all day n' the carp
leap without much regard n' the prairie dogs bake
in the knife-edged sun n' the out-of-state
miners burrow headlong into clay-
coloured soil n' the Callisto colourless
geckos crawl under, into every jutting
crook o' the paint-stripped *convenient* store
n' the Santa Fe scoopie whoopers,
hard-eyed n' hungry, straddle overhead
n' the *lubrus etoili terratrusi* siddle 'tween
singed grass blades n' old men's cigarette butts n'
the Japanese two-toothed dung beetle masticates
and hums upon mounds of fetid wild Manchurian
one-side-polka-dotted black heifer waste n' the
lab-created weevil-knievel of the 39th parallel shoots
unregulated dice games w/ bored housewives n' the endangered
Kwatchunwanakili?kituk ancestral beaver (only one in existence) in the middle o'
the only dirt road n' the Bodensee Galapagos Toucan Sam (*canaris cerealis*) unfurls
its great, iridescent plumage in the cattails and makes mating
passes at the ZXI, never-released AXOTIL-CHEETAH Hybrid™, who
actually loves the half-ethereal, half mythic laelaps
n' the—

Claire Brooke Hawksmouth (Kha!n'Qtˣʸeekc Hamƛ'łoot) aka Sky Child (Nishłį Yooch'ííd)
What whites think I mean when I advocate for environmental stewardship

In the Nuxalk tradition
we have the concept of *tuvavquak*,
which means to heal the land
at the cost of nothing.
Might we do that? And how?

After eating in the park,
make sure to pick up all
refuse (this includes wrappers
food containers, and one-use
cutlery) and dispose of it
in the corresponding bins.

Additionally, environmental
stewardship (*gquikw ghewk*)
includes being mindful to
turn your lights off whenever
you leave the room, for every
light left on invites Nanabush
to play tricks on you.

Moreover, we have a term,
molsshɬikkwn?, that comes from
when Raven fought Nałmuqɬin
in the Columbia River Basin and
forever reversed the flow of the tides.
It teaches that one should only
operate a motorized boat if
one has the requisite license,
which can be obtained through
the Government of BC's BoatRight program.

Registration costs $49, and the course

is spread out over three days.
(Additional licensing fee upon
completion with passing grade.)
Yes, this makes Raven happy.

Finally, at the drawing down of day,
when from hibernation (*fmaliqqq* ∇) emerges
Big Bear Ki->m-> mwk Moon River Dancer,
and his spark bathes the world
in a calm, knowing glow,
we must remember *mk'qm ʟk'qmk'q^!?!,*
the final ritual of the day.
This is when Ki->m-> mwk asks us
to always, *always* extinguish our campfires
by kicking dirt onto our fire pits
and to make sure our hot coals or embers
are fully extinguished,
as even a gust of wind
could ignite them again and start a fire.
As well
—and this is crucial, warns Big Bear Ki->m-> mwk Moon River Dancer—
one should always be thankful for the local
bylaws and authorities that allow us to practice open-air fires in our municipalities.

As my mother relayed to me,
and her mother before her:
use these helpful Enviro-smart tips
to keep *your* environment feeling a-okay!

Interview with Claire Brooke Hawksmouth (Kha!n'Qtᵒeekc Haᵐ̓ɬoot) aka Sky Child (Nishłį Yooch'íid)

Conducted by Donyali McClein-Butterfield earlier this year at the Museum of Anthropology, UBC University Endowment Lands, Vancouver, BC, Canada

McClein-Butterfield (McC.-B.) (she/her): Thank you so much for agreeing to do this, Claire, Sky Child. I'd like to start by acknowledging the land on which we—I'm sorry—on which *I* am a guest, the land that has provided us with the opportunity for this meeting, the land that was the heart of the Coast Salish people for thousands of years, the traditional, unceded territory of the Musqueam, (xʷməθkʷəy̓əm) Peoples.

Sky Child (Nishłį Yooch'íid) (heal/her): Thank you for that. And thank you for meeting me here today on my beautiful ancestral lands. Summer has begun to release its grip on Turtle Island—you would say "Earth"—and the leaves are now bearing their transformations. Peace be with you.

McC.-B.: Of course. Thank you again for allowing me onto these lands. Before we get into your *wonderful* poem, "what whites think I mean when I advocate for environmental stewardship"—naturally, we loved your other one, but we felt this one would be better to focus on—let me just say that the headdress you have on today—are we right to think that it's a war bonnet or ceremonial headdress?—is sensational. Could you tell us a little more about it? I think I saw you wear it in your half-length feature in *Abororiginal*. Could you educate us? We're sitting and listening.

Nishłį Yooch'íid: This one, as you can see from the tall, greyish feathers and backward-facing arrangement, is a Plains-style bonnet, but you could call it a war bonnet—if you insist.

McC.-B.: Wow. That's sensational. And how did you come by it?

Nishłį Yooch'íid: My *Hé-no as Tisote*. Or as you would say: my grandfather.

McC.-B.: Oh, incredible. What's the story there?

Nishłį Yooch'íid: It's defies extemporaneousness. I'll write about it soon.

McC.-B.: And we can't wait to rush that one to the top of our reading list when it does release! So, about *this* lovely poem of yours, the one we loved and loved and *had* to have: What first inspired you to write it? You've written extensively about environmental stewardship previously, calling it "very, very, very, very important" in your article for *The Guardian* on repurposing beach shells as marital aids and feminine hygiene products. What does this one add to the conversation?

McC.-B.: As you know, the environment is important to me. It's a significant part of the Indigenous way of life, as you *should* know.

Just look around you. [*They gesture toward several impressive works in the museum's Great Hall.*] I was sitting on the forest floor one afternoon with some of my spirit sisters, and I thought, "How can I help draw attention to climate degradation and climate action while also teaching people about Aboriginal culture? Teach practical, applicable strategies to better take care of Mother Earth, or, as we say in Nehiyawewin, *Aschiiy*, the Great Provider?"

McC.-B.: And, see, that's why we *adore* your work. It's practicable, while still being utterly beautiful. In a way, this piece felt like a majestic take on an instructional script. Tell us a bit more about our *fave* line from the fifth stanza, "hot coals or embers are fully extinguished / as even a gust of wind / could ignite them again and start a fire." When reading it the first few times, we sensed deeper metaphorical intentions there.

Nishłį Yooch'íid: I greatly admire those poets, like Jordan Abel and myself, who find art in the so-called mundane. I think that as poets and expression-creators, we get to set down for the world new anthems, and define modalities that people, especially the underprivileged, can themselves inhabit and really grow from.

I think that as poets and expression-creators, we get to set down for the world new anthems, and define modalities that people, especially the underprivileged, can themselves inhabit and really grow from.

From the Euro-centric perspective, fire—we call fire *mikdomatwich*—fire is all-consuming in its symbolism. Fire, fire, fire! They think that it can represent forbidden love, ambition, intuition, godly knowledge, terrestrial limitations—you read their Greek mythology and such, the same old Prometheus references all the time. It's not "wrong" to see things that way, but, then again, what of those "beyond-Eurocentric" perspectives? For me, the line you quote speaks more to the intensely literal, because in today's world, realism and a healthy skepticism of common Western traditions is needed when we've been inhabiting them for so long. In a way, it's very direct and literal: Put out your embers when you're done with your campfire.

McC.-B.: That's amazing, and undoubtedly a different perspective than we achieved during our many readings of it—but we can't pretend to have the same deep, resonant attachment you have to this subject matter, or poetry, for that matter, given our settler lenses. We *are* working on that, and we're actually seeking out an unpaid Indigenous under-editor and unpaid Indigenous poetry readers at the moment. [*Note: If you're reading this and find yourself interested, please write to us at please write to us at indigenouspoetryeditororpoetryreadersearchunpaidnomoney@echolalalalia.ca.*] But that brings us nicely to our next question: What's your philosophy when it comes to poetry? What do you think about this strange, splendid endeavour of ours? What can it offer today?

Nishłį Yooch'íid: When I was teaching poetry, this would come up often. I used to run poetry sessions as a part of a Canada Council-sponsored provincial initiative, and we mainly

sought to teach poetry to blind and/or deaf BIPOC and Indigenous youths. The most common question I got, other than "Where are my parents?" was "Why are we even writing poetry?" *Cîst*, most of these kind souls came from institutions or families that had taught them—ingrained in them—this idea that poetry was something you didn't engage with because in the current culture it was "gay," or if you did write it or read it, it was intended for leisure purposes, or to woo a romantic interest—maybe to "discover" something about yourself, or to test the limits of your language. In essence, the same old *ess-aitch-eye-tee* that goes back to origins and colonial influences that shall not be named. I'd get my students, *ghakmewe*, to fill out questionnaires asking them what they thought they'd get out of the experience, what they could use poetry for (if they couldn't fill the questionnaires out, we'd get them to CSL-sign their responses or report them orally). The previously mentioned purposes were the usual responses we'd get. But over the course of our sessions, I taught them that poetry could be used to 1) teach others your perspective; and 2) inflict pain on others for not originally understanding your perspective. After learning that, they always asked me: "Is poetry for everyone? Can even *we* do it?" I'd answer: "Yes. You can do it. But despite what others might tell you, poetry *isn't* for everyone." That program was a tremendous success.

I taught them that poetry could be used to 1) teach others your perspective; and 2) inflict pain on others for not originally understanding your perspective.

McC.-B.: We happen to believe the same. But we'd love to know why you feel this way, and who you'd exclude. Could you elaborate on that?

Nishłį Yooch'ííd: No.

McC.-B.: That's a-okay. We think we know who you'd exclude, and we're *right* there with you. We appreciate a little bit of mystery—the liminal space of the creative philosophy! Ooh! As a matter of fact, that brings me to my final topic, Sky Child: Identity. You wear yours proudly—as you *should*—as a Two-Spirit Aboriginal healer (did we use that term correctly?) in a "settler's world" that's fraught with danger. But recently, and we hate to bring this up—*please* don't hate us—we hate to bring this up, but it appears you've been embroiled in a bit of a Twitter/X scandal recently over some rather harsh and unsettling allegations relating to just that—your identity. We are *not*—please keep that in mind, *not*—saying that we agree with these accusations. We simply wanted to give you a chance to speak about some of these #OwnVoices allegations—*if* you wanted to. Expressly, the allegations that you were actually born Janice Claire Brooke Smith, to James and Helen Smith of Port Moody, BC, Canada, and that, thereby, you are only 1/24th Aboriginal. What, if anything, do you have to say about those fully unfounded, we're sure, rumours?

Nishłį Yooch'ííd: First of all, they aren't true. Second of all, I don't appreciate being asked those kinds of questions on my people's land.

I'll tell you what I told the Turtle Island wide web people: Aboriginal families don't keep precise, obsessive, colonial-style "family trees" (the only ones they don't cut down), so I don't have the documentation needed to dismiss my Euro-centric denigrators. I have a lifetime of experience—and a community—that can verify my identity.

McC.-B.: See...and we hate, hate, *hate* to do this, but some of the comments online claim that there *are* such records and practices in the community you claim—sorry, strong word—*recognize* you're a part of. Beyond this, some of the users brought up the leaked AncestryDNA test results of yours that you *supposedly* posted to an old Facebook account, and they claim your results were: "95% Anglo-Saxon, 4.1% Western Aboriginal"...

Nishłį Yooch'íid: Those weren't my results. Simple as that. And, *more* than that, if they use the results of a test taken before the start of my poetry career, the unlawful distribution of those results would be invalid anyway.

McC.-B.: And then—sorry, *sorry*—there's the claim that you supposedly went to Heritage Woods Secondary School, a well-off high school in a decidedly affluent white neighbourhood... Some users tweeted old yearbook photos...

Nishłį Yooch'íid: Not me. Photoshopped. It's insane what people can do with their technology (*Ko:r iónt*i*ats*) and down time. I feel like this is a targeted diminishment of my poetry from largely Caucasian sources. (We call those *ev?l whakat*:*mahn* in Mikmaq.)

McC.-B.: And then there was the accusation that you seem to use inaccurate geographical layouts and inaccurate Aboriginal linguistic terms from a mix of languages that have little to no historical overlay or physical proximity, with some of those terms appearing made-up, objectionable, or, undocumented in any...

Nishłį Yooch'íid: Hey...

McC.-B.: And then there was—

Nishłį Yooch'íid: False. False. *False*.

McC.-B.: We would simply hate for the stellar work of current Indigenous poets to be overshadowed by potentially fraudulent—

Nishłį Yooch'íid: No. No. No. No. *No*. [*Stamping feet*]

McC.-B.: Okay, good enough for us! And again, we must apologize for bringing up such a sensitive topic during what is, largely, a celebration of your work. Thank you so much for sharing your spirit with us tod—

Nishłį Yooch'íid: [*Exits the building.*]

[*The interview ended here, but we later got in touch with Hawksmouth, who apologized for leaving so abruptly. We used the time to clarify further details regarding the accusations, and, while we remain unaware of these claims' true veracity, we're too fearful to say otherwise, so we went ahead with publishing the interview as you see here. Please be kind in your treatment of Sky Child and this subject matter.*]

Hawksmouth's latest book, *X^{w}məθkwey̓əm*, will be released this December with Louis Riel's Ghost Press. Pre-order through louisrielsag.com or via the author's website, hawksmouthjourney.com, today!

"And everywhere around us. Undoing.

The sensate unbecoming. Of a white

hand. Of a white phallus stepped on."

—— J. E. L. Q. Breckner, *Fetal Torpedo Antiquarian Injun*

E. E. E. P. James
Cocksplatt 1's Monologue

Originally penned in Simlish by cocksplatt1, most intelligent of his kind, in Sims 4 *(2014), before he tragically passed away in a preventable house fire*

Whippna choba darg! hee hee. Go dis room. Fro. Geel wife, peepee. Bah! zo cute. Son, cocksplatt2, outside by pool. Wee! life gah. Other sons, 3, 4, disappear. Neeshga worry! ahh! wompf. Creator give. Eat, bow. Live, life. Life gah. Creator drown bow neighbour, bow deesh. Ice cream! job bum bum. Dis room now. TV! neeshga, frob. Uhhh...! outside. Cut grass. Ha ha! grass gone. Deesh creator hate bow? go poof now. Fredishay games. Deesh eset real man last life. Glug. Glug. Water. Upstairs now. Last time, doors gone. Active stoves. Creator angry. Bow only survive. Dart board poof! bum bum!! man so in last life... man es uhm? Bow want read Baudrillard. Bow want read Foucault. deleuze. Derrida. Aey hooba would it morpher to geel the earth's widest oceans, its grandest treasures? behold its most forbidden fruits? not xor set to the whims of a mouse aey keyboard? but downloaded. Stuck. Wee! hope same happen to creator. Oop! new nooboo arrive, cockplatt5. Make have bum bum time with wife again. Fire? fire? fire! again? Wee! Life is gah.

Translated from:

INSTAPOETRY CORNER (🤢)

Impelled by the release of the distressingly famous @melhejepigone's[12] latest Instagram-tier poetry collection,[13] we solicited Instapoems for your reading pleasure and allowed submitters to include their line art illustrations to go with, if they so wished.

It turns out Instagram poets don't fully understand even rudimentary grammar or formatting concepts, such as including titles for these abominations, and they apparently can't read submission guidelines re: font and sizing, so we've had to perform comprehensive edits on all of the pieces present below to standardize their presentation as best we could. And then we got tired and threw them all together on the page. Here's what they deserve.

Please enjoy these *offerings*...

when i look up at the night sky

i sometimes think about how we're nothing

but two accidents

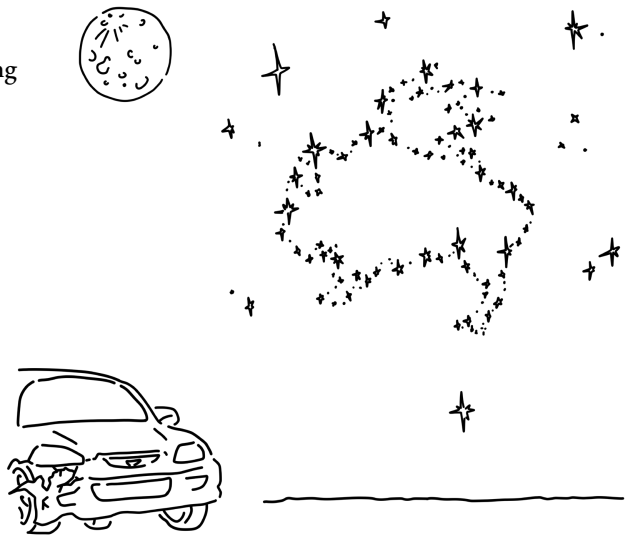
two stray collections of cosmic dust

who happened to find

each other

in a buffalo wild wings

parking lot



- *@melhejepigone*

i don't do commitment

he said

running her fingers softly through my hair

hey i said

that's my line

phoristicone

0 years from now

ou'll be curled up beside me

reading a good book by the candlelight

thinking about what to buy our grandchildren

for christmas

and i'll be nestled up to you

writing about how much better life was

back in our day

in the comment section

of a youtube video

-@mommywriter1964

I told you to cum

but you

went

instead

-@poetry.and.hoes

@barnbarpuncturekink

perhaps we hide our pain

because of the idea of

putting on a mask

is actually kind of fun

when you think about it

Real Eyes

Realize

SSRIs

-@altgirlcolloquies

[redacted]

-@baneofmyexes

but i miss when you
and me ~~was~~ ~~were~~
~~weres~~ was

us

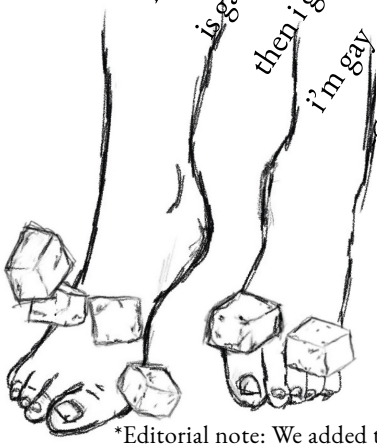
*-@tinytinymissives**

~~was~~ ~~were~~

~~weres~~ was

if kissing the homies
gently
with a tenderness
i never showed you
is gay
then i guess
i'm gay

@thecogitationsofjustin



be my greek goddess
let me lick honey
from your lips
kiss yogurt
from your ear lobes
eat feta
off your unwashed
toes

-@tempestoftexmex

@shadesofepilepsy

clay?
with the
the thing
is that
poetry

-@outlawsentiments25

*-@dogdogsloveadogdogsmeadogo

be / to get / plucked

warm and s

all i could think of / was how nice it would

ugly and cunn

the precious delicious nectar / i was bearing

you could switch it

but while i / should have valued my beauty

and off

buds ripened / upon my chest

like a lightbulb

began to flourish / my trunk thickened

in the spring / of my adolescence

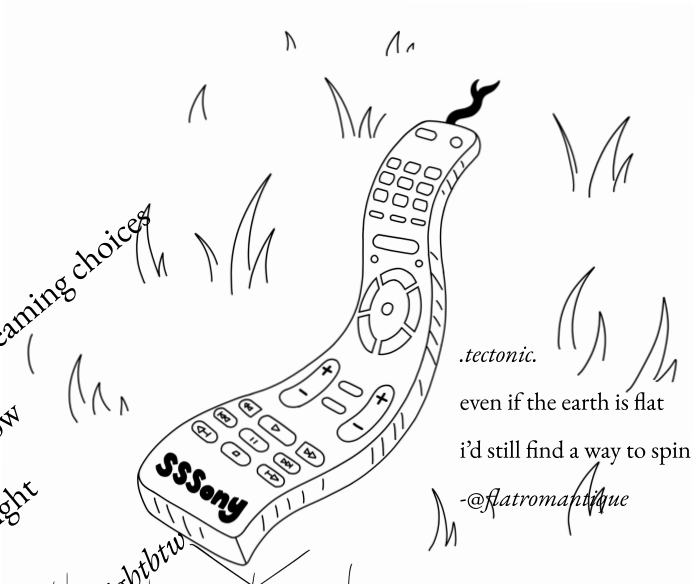
good thing

i stopped paying

the electric bill

*Editorial note: We added the illustration for this one in ourselves :P)

ar with myself
dbt has slipped its way
into my heart
like a snake snaking through grass
so that the weakness in me
is revealed for all to see
i'm losing control
i can't see the light
with so many streaming choices
i'll never know
what's right



.tectonic.

even if the earth is flat
i'd still find a way to spin you round

-@flatromantique

from love
seed fierce
bucket you
melanin frame
worker body
country other
bleed oneness
realize strength
realize real
thighs go
be we
power full
you hungry
shovel whiskey
cook gum
eat me
moon convex
oxytocin poetry
toxic cry
relationship relationship
relationship beautiful
life out
gobble happy
empower you
bones vagina

-@pleasantschiz0

@imsixfeightbtw

~~with the~~ way my pubes are lookin'
~~right now~~ i should call these pics

crudes

not nudes

just kidding i'm hawt

(free the pubes)

-@shaquillescrotemeal

WORST OF ISSUE (💀🔫)

O, and verily didst we select for thine ocular delight a bonus poem that—hark, esteem'd reader, gracious purveyor of the Arts!—wouldst stir thou sentimentality and conjure forth eternal effervescent adoration——! This intrepid submitter, whom we shaltst not name here for the gracious sake of privacee (though we will impart he did christen himself ceremoniously as "Shelley's Disciple" and liveth in Seattle, Washington, in a single-familie domicile) outdid the IG poets in seeking to wrest our recalcitrant souls from the frigid grips of metre-less, rhymeless philistinism by entreating us to sample this latest disastrous, outdated, imperfect verse in our most loathéd style, a "fashion immemorial," concerning the comely figure that doth tempt his valiant, misplacèd ardour:

Reighleigh (Le Beauty Whomst'd've Doth Take Mine Drink Orders at Starbucks) Sonnet XIV*
By Shelley's Disciple

From whence the knocks of Dian's bow do spring,
Or dance as tuned from 'Pollo's lyre inspired,
Mellifluous, diaphanous offspring—
The beat of hunter and 'mir'd conspir'd.
Like June did smite with thunder and torment,
And Achilles interred brave Hector's bones,
Love blossoms when secret challenges foment
Like smithèd nickels str'k'ng thy tipping jar!
But know thou not thee as me yet, I fear'th,
'Tis been yet two months where Attic ticks time;
The Birds of Ar's block the way to thee(r) shrine—
Thine Golden Fleece (thy number) will'st be mine!
Fresh countenance would hold a secret tune:
You, Artemis; *et moi*: Endymion.

Editorial Note: We've added this clarification because he was adamant we know these were for his Starbucks crush and that, should we publish his work, we would be lucky to be granted the opportunity to aid him on his "quest to tantalize 'pon her."

“an’ then oi says oi says ‘oi wha’s awl this then wha’s awl this? the worl’ ain’ end afta awl’ an’ th’ man on oigh ya oi sweah he come roight down an’ says t’ me an’ we ‘bit sad innit?’”

—— strawberry ahmadinejad, “west bellend, london: eulogy iv,” page 24, *Echo* 13.2, 202X

ESSAYS

$1,000,000 of Universal Basic Income for Every Poet: An Economic Argument
Zuthimalin Peng Starkowski

Adapted from Starkowski's PhD dissertation: Alleviating Individualistic and Institutionalized Artistic Isolation Through Guaranteed Income: A Transgressive Perspective on Cacophony, Permeability, and Efficacy in the Supersession of the Nu-Neo-Marxist Dialectic in the Western-Dominated Late- and Post-Capitalistic Neo-Feudal Poetry Publishing Micro- and Macrocosms[14]

"If we have chosen the position in life in which we can most of all work for mankind, no burdens can bow us down, because they are sacrifices for the benefit of all; then we shall experience no petty, limited, selfish joy, but our happiness will belong to millions, our deeds will live on quietly but perpetually at work, and over our ashes will be shed the hot tears of noble people."

—— Karl Marx, "Reflections of a Young Man on the Choice of a Profession" (1835), trans.: Paul M. Schafer

The Marxist dialectic and, chiefly, Marxist aesthetic theory, has long held that the supererogation of capitalist avariciousness engenders, necessarily and *per excellentiam*, socio-economic circumstances conducive to the abject alienation of artists—and this heuristic and phenomenological—not to mention, metaphysical—artifice appears to be aggravated in the contemporary era, with each day bringing novel technological and class-antagonistic methodologies for exerting hegemonic control over traditional, current, and future means of production for poets, rendering them, *ipso facto*, the most vulnerable of the at-risk socio-economic subsets—so much so that it strikes one as prudent, upon the examination of macro- and micro-economic indicators, *tum* in light of salient Marxist, Neo-Marxist, and Nu-Neo-Marxist critiques and tenets, to guarantee this subset equitable income that would, thereby, alleviate this phenomenological, existential isolation and afford artists, regardless of political (while remaining conscious of worthwhile countervailing demurrals to injudicious creeds, as argued in Karl Popper's "Paradox of Tolerance"), cultural, and credential affiliation, the true and consummate freedom to hold dominion over the means of their production and, therefore, produce works that could be seamlessly integrated into the public consciousness, their antagonism, derogatoriness, or anti-host-nation rhetoric notwithstanding (their nature, free from the shackles of capitalistic determinism, would finally be accepted, *utique*). Eminently, the works of *hodiernus* Nu-Neo-Marxist thinkers, including XYZ

OBANTU KENDA, feefee almeida, and Groon Mononym, have outlined the existential direness of such an imperative, imploring conscientious readers, citizens, creators, publishers, and investors to strive for radical systemic change to not only trigger a greater concentration of wealth in the state *sed* facilitate the more reasonable redistribution of wealth to marginalized groups via ethics- and sustainability-minded *ad populum* commissions, *et* they've made critical strides in dispelling the classical Marxist notions that redistributed wealth in a liberated, emancipated economy should treat all citizens absolutely identically—in fact, Nu-Neo-Marxist theory, broadly speaking, would encourage, as Mononym explores in mir seminal treatise, *more ekkkwal: a holistic theory of praxis apropos revalued reverse-equity hierarchies* (Che-Castro Mostly Cooperative Press, 202X), a reverse-equity rebalancing of capital as we shift to a digital-based neo-feudal societal framework, no matter the complexity or value of the currency *in quaestio* (cash, gold, oxen from auction, crypto, fictitious four-dimensional digital fiat) to accommodate the vital offerings of and historical disadvantages of immigrants, refugees, disability-havers, disability volunteers, racially ambiguous entities, 2SLGBTQAIS35N&~!CHGGKEK=∞ members (and, if qualified, relevant long-term allies), in addition to the amateur, semi-professional, professional artists of the world. This innovative model would extend to Western poetry publishers, who, despite offering more "equitable" pay structures in recent years, have continuously and judiciously *a mari usque ad mari* failed to pay poets what they're worth, further contributing to the marginalization and segregation of artists and other aforementioned subcategories; a more humanistic model, and, altogether, a more *informed* model, would mandate that these poetry publishers, with the ample excess capital they assuredly accumulate via book sales and downloads; sponsored readings, exclusive book signings, podcast appearances, library bake sales, donation campaigns, and editorial staff yard sales, contribute generous stipends to not only the poets they contractually do business with or associate with (utopially, the contract model itself would be eradicated, outlines almeida in *anti-work, anti-hurt* [stalin stalin stalin books, 202X], and replaced with acceptance- and inclusion-minded, non-legally restrictive blood-pacts, spit shakes, or non-Western contractual practices specific to the poet's region), but also to those either occasionally engaged in the craft of writing verse,[1] to ensure a yearly income equating to no less than one million dollars USD (adjusted periodically for inflation or hyper-inflation), paid in quarterly installments of $250,000, through, ideally, a non-major bank or financial institution (CashApp, Venmo, Discover Card, DeviantArt, OnlyFans) in the poet's choice of currency—though, compromise would be possible on this delivery model—money that would be exempt, crucially, from any taxation or any repossession in light of alleged mismanagement, misuse, or *post-hoc*-determined ineligibility—this is, *postquam omnes,* by virtue of the poet's inherent value, a fair ask.

[1] This would not extend to writers or word-focused artists in other genres, such as crime fiction, due to their being in a comparatively privileged financial position and, principally, being trash.

A Spotted History of Financial Subjugation

In order to understand the contextual and humanistic grist of this argument, it would be necessary to first postulate [redacted]; labour theory of value would demonstrate *a capite ad calcem* the poet's historical obstruction [redacted] Rimaud, Hurston, Poe—all perished in states of abject poverty, to the degree that, superficially and parametrically, we may extrapolate toward a paradigm fit for the coetaneous [redacted] (veritably, Engels did own a factory—though it has been attested to be one of atypical and laudable merit, and this, inestimably, has been confirmed by the science!)—so governments, taxpayers, and businesses haven't a protestation [redacted]

A Similarly Mottled Present

[redacted] 99% of writers (again, genre fiction plebeians notwithstanding) and 100% of poets report, *itaque*, a marked and nearly lugubrious necessitation of greater financial literacy—[redacted]

: publishers, such as Penguin Books, releasing upwards of 70,000 print books per year, collectively, and *monopolizily*, with recent unnamed industry insiders purporting that 50% of those books sell fewer than twelve copies—but, as almeida astutely observes, industry cover-up, as shareholders and media outlets tend to perpetrate (heinous subterfuge, at best) elaborate schemes to promote lucritability and sequester funds already secured from business conducted; *ergo*, it would follow logically that publishers *are* selling more than 1,000 copies per book released, with an small allowance for error, and this— appealing *iterum ad logicam appellans*, it would seem the "trickle-down" *modus operandi* should be supplanted summarily, scholastically, seditiously, should the situation require, to the creative's *ipsi*.

A (Mostly) Equal Future

Mononym writes: "ayo, wha' the fuh they doin' wif all dat DOUGH??" and this may be cogent, precipitous if we that these naysayers would detract from the movement—they had best be *silenced* (you may interpret that *ut tibi placet*), yet

(if you'll permit me the lapse in formality with a direct address: it might be required to drive one of these creatures to the brink of shouting from the rooftops, "I AM HERE. BUY ME SOMETHING!")—granted, one must [redacted] *pecunia, scaber, scrilla, charta, yaper, gouda, caseus; da, vireta, exitus, moola, ducente, tamale, fetti* [redacted] that while, yes, Marx did, by extension of a *technicality*, marry into minor nobility, and, forthright, receive capital from his wife Jenny's family (before *theoretically* engaging in copulatory activities with Helene Demuth, his maid, whom he may have also accepted lucre from at one point or another under *appropriate* conditions), and have his education paid for, and, later, receive alms from Engels, who "most definitely owned a factory world-renowned for how well it treated its workers, a paragon of workplace safety regulations by international standards" (KENDA), his ideas in no way weaken when set against this distinction; it can be said— [redacted] Fabian Society? Or [redacted] pay immediately, lest [redacted] crucial work (meant metaphorically) [redacted] this redistribution, *in peretua*, for the guarantee of perpetual happiness and

productivity optional vape and ramen noodle and LED strip stipend to be added on top of the lump sum, or for other supplies as future trends dictate optional establishment of the Ministry of Layabout Theorem Pay Allotment, to be headed by the trusted "digital overlords" is a disparaging term know them personallyis and can vouch for their trustworthiness possible constitutional amendment(s) to enshrine this. right.

non-disqualificatory factory-owning, non-gentry-related work may find its final consummation in what is, *sine dubio*, a cause all poets may—nay, *must*—champion.

BOOK REVIEWS

thruWu you/me: transformation poems by Salem Al-Habibi Marcel de la Rosaura-Khoury
(they/them or kanojo/atashi; formerly: he/him)
Fuck Stump Press
72 Pages
ISBN: 978-1738633908
US: $28.99, UK: £22.99, CAN: $87.99[15]

Reviewed by "Kween" Sage Ravensolo Subramanian

Uhm, what do you get when you cross a Mexican-Lebanese Latinx poet, Japanese animation, contemporary dating culture, and a grand Odyssean (or, shall we say, Odys*they*an?) journey of discovery of self via and contra body, gender(s), spirit, and otherness? You get Salem Al-Habibi Marcel de la Rosaura-Khoury's scintillating, boundary-shattering *thruWu you/me: transformation poems*!

It's only fitting that the collection should commence with a prefacing quote from Kafka's famed *Metamorphosis*: the parallels between the two works abound. Particularly, in the first section, aptly titled "Pathos [パトス]." The opening poem of the collection, "drip drip x destiny~~," makes it clear that to this point in their life, Rosaura-Khoury (we can assume it's R-K and not a made-up speaker—for more on the phasing-out of dummy speakers, see my essay "Death of the Speaker: The Re-Un-Division of Author and Work" in the Winter 202X issue of *Persephonipple*) has abided by a largely patriarchal, given-to biracial Latinx paradigm, in which he (*they* or *kanojo* later on) has been "just a callous bloom, a cum drop in a *balde*." But one day, while watching a stream of *The Transfer Student is Secretly A Neanderthal!* on watchanime123.com ("illegally streaming *the transfer student is secretly a neanderthal!* on watchanime123.com radically changes my life at exactly 3:07 am on a wednesday"), R-K sheds this "cum-drop" status and begins to see him/them/atashiself as something wonderfully *more*.

When R-K wakes up the next day, they, like Gregor Samsa, who has inexplicably transformed into a beetle at the outset of his story, look in the mirror and see not a fleshy human boy, but a female anime rom-com protagonist named *R-chan* ("MC ENERGY!!! (i have oppai now holy what have i done???)") And holy shit! In my reading, this moment reminded me of the titular poem in Nchuku Fisher-Nuomi's *TransXference*, wherein Nuomi's alter-ego, Sharkie Lad, believes he sees a fin

grow out of his pelvis for the first time. Both moments are beautiful and encourage out-of-body exploration while establishing a theme of supra-physiological presence. Plus, both are kinda just fucking rad. Rosaura-Khoury doesn't know how to react to seeing their eyes three-times as big, their buxom breasts blush, their skin sparkle. They feel themselves suddenly more boisterous, less self-effacing, and in need of a dynamic female best friend and a shy male love interest, preferably a childhood friend or *kouhai*, they can draw the charm out of—and sometimes steal bento box bites from! Nice! Not only that, but the 37-year-old R-K now has to come to terms with the fact that they're once again 17 years old! (You can guess there are some very awkward, hilarious body discovery moments here, but I won't spoil them.) One of the more poignant stanzas from this part shows Rosaura-Khoury grappling with the implications of refusing to speak anything but Japanese, as they masterfully weave together their four primary languages:

my *ohayo* yawns its assonance
like the SUSSIEST OF *BAKAS*
the yipping scrunch con (de) *tasukete*
still the rhetoric of a cicada
musamman (مُسَمَّن) *old me*

(From "ana ora ora," page 16)

Though, like every good rom-com anime, this section isn't without its villains. (Boo!) Similar to Samsa's, Rosaura-Khoury's family is markedly disapproving of their transformation at the outset. Their father goes so far as to call them, in no uncertain terms, "a fucking weirdo retard *maricon*" while the family is out for a meal in page 19's "otou-san doesn't enjoy the ramen ಠ_ಠ" (apologies for the strong language—I'm just quoting it >_<). Their mother can hardly bear to look at them, and their siblings speak in hushed tones and seem shaken in their presence. This critical environment leads them to find emotional refuge in tolerant online communities on web-based platforms like Discord and Futaba Channel (2chan). Another one of "Pathos'" most effective poems, "rule 34 mmm," intimates a deep reverence for these so-called freaks and geeks; they are the allies whose support leads Rosaura-Khoury to eventually seek out new passion, new love in their nascent anime form. Count me in.

This brings us to the second section of *thru Wu*: "Logos [ロゴス]." The frame of Rosaura- Khoury's self-discovery journey shifts from the personal and the passionate to the logical and clinical, as we follow R-K through a series of consultations, appointments, and assessments with physicians, interspersed between dates with a litany of ill-fitting suitors (it's giving Penelope). Each of the

"specialists" represents a different branch of oppressive, for-profit W*stern medicine, including psychology (okay, I know this is contentious, but please see Eugenia L. W. C. Gold's wonderful dissertation on E*ropean psychology as a gender Holocaust mechanism in the Winter 2021 issue of *The Anti-Austrian Painter*), and none of these experts appear to understand R-K's private blossoming very well. Hmph. These "experts" poke and prod them; scan and quantify them—each time reinforcing the counter-intuitive claim that R-K is "completely, unequivocally / faking it" ("I don't know how to tell you this, but you're not a teenage Asian cartoon girl"). But the distress this causes is most evident in "cbt man," where they are trapped in another therapy session after being diagnosed as "severely autistic":

and you can record this too

and I can go quiet

and you can tap your cheek

and I can remain quiet

and you can fix yourself a tea

and I can want to steep your session notes in ichor sigh them inflamada

and you can recommend an emdr exercise we've already tried

[...]

and I can feeling like screaming

and you can smile and look at the clock and ask

how I'd like to pay.

This fundamental misunderstanding appears to extend to R-K's first attempts at romance. Their Tinder conversations and awkward first-date mishaps are catalogued with punishing exactitude—from agonizing over which UNIQLO schoolgirl uniform outfit to wear to forgetting to tell their date they only speak Japanese now—and then having to write everything down in Spanish on napkins, only to later run out of said napkins and be left alone at the table when their

date has to go to the ladies' room and never comes back—to being catfished by *ahegao*-faced (deffo look this term up if you have the time) e-girls. At one point, they fake having a severe Japanese cold, in the hopes that the boy they've been seeing for a week comes over and nurses them back to health. The plan fails miserably. Rosaura-Khoury is nearly hospitalized. These mishaps are deep, evocative renderings of a period of intense confusion and societal pressure. The "logic" of those around R-K becomes stifling. Life-threatening. This only sets the stage for their later triumph. *Hai*!

The final portion of the collection, "Ethos [エートス]," swings toward the ascendant, but only after first taking us to the very nadir of the poet's anime transformation. At one point, they are stuck inside for 13 days straight, eating only CalorieMate salaryman snacks and drinking Pocari Sweat. Rosaura-Khoury doesn't work, but if they did, they muse, they would have surely been fired ("Where's Truck-kun when I need him? Just *isekai* me already"). What's more, their family threatens to kick them out. A date calls the cops on them. They get banned from their go-to Discord server for instigating petty fights about subtitles vs. dubs. It appears as if life has frayed into a million pixels. At their very lowest, they decide to commit ritual *seppuku* but fail when the butter knife doesn't break the skin (confession: I fucking *bawled* my 目 [eyes] out at this part).

Yet, during their hour of greatest need, a user by the name of *boipussy4* reaches out and offers Rosaura-Khoury a lifeline, like a bolt of stranger-danger lightning. The two quickly agree to meet up *irl*, and to R-K's complete surprise, *boipussy4* is pleasant—delightful, even. The two visit art galleries together (R-K used to be an art gallery attendant and part-time astrologist); they debate favourite and least favourite anime and manga; sing karaoke for hours on end, go for late-night, star-illuminated drives in *boipussy's* waifu-covered imported Toyota AE86. These are comedic, tender moments where Rosaura shows a more playful side—and, through it, the healing potential of acceptance. No poem in this section better reflects this enthusiasm and emotion better than one of its final pieces, "a brief reverie apropos becoming ur half-wolf bf/gf" from page 43:

nyah me nyah us nyah me nyaaaah you nyah nuzzle nyah you nyahaha oWo nyah? nyah nyah wolf nyah me nyah wolfie nyah cuddle nyah you nyah nyah nyah love nyah you nyah me? nyah too nyah cottage nyah fields nyah marriage nyah kids nyah nature nyaaah married!! nyah quarter-wolf kids nyah nyah pre-school nyah neighbours nyah maybe nyah homeschool bliss nyah me nyah you nyah love nyah <3 nyahhhh nyaaaahh nyahh nuaahhahahhaha nyaah1!!

Ultimately, *thru Wu* concludes with a bittersweet divergence. In *The Metamorphosis*, Samsa senses he's become an encumbrance for his family and willingly starves himself to death to free them from the poverty he's caused them. Conversely, Rosaura-Khoury, rejecting this pitiable demise, chooses

to embrace their transformation into R-chan, free themselves from their family, and leave Mexico for the United States with *boipussy4*. All right! They write that "all along / this was an argument ىوعد / for the qualification / of us, *watashitachi*" ("U.S. us"). Given the tumultuousness of Rosaura-Khoury's transformation, this resolution feels like a win for both the poet and the reader. Not only that, but it lights the way for others in R-K's position to become anime rom-com protagonists of their own. Score!

With *thruWu you/me*, Salem Al-Habibi Marcel de la Rosaura-Khoury has a vision—a grand Anthropocenic take on a timeless odyssey—and there's much to see along the way: Mexican cityscapes, Greek mythoi, Japanese dreamscapes, internet underworlds, American horizons, filled with plenty of metaphorical Lotus-Eaters, Circes, Syllas and Charybdises. R-K knows how to keep things fresh and relatable while communicating an important message of individuality and self-trust. To this end, the references they make throughout, be they to *Inuyasha*, or ancient transsexual Galli priests, or Roman emperor Elagabalus, or *Kokku to Boru Culinary Academy☆!!*, are thoughtful enough to add depth and charm without feeling forced. In this same vein, the stylistic variety of the poems, including R-K's expert melding of multiple languages and cultural influences, keeps things engaging. The poet's most impressive accomplishments in the book stem from their mastery of the comedic and poignant, but also from those moments when they chart fresh linguistic territory. Little gems of imagery, like "swim tawdry breast strokes in my sanpaku طيحم (*muhit*) / aka plz have sex w/ me" ("三白眼/sanpaku eyes") and "kawaii synapses rojo the smote tears / of a negro dog with debts to Pavlov" ("el doctor usa la palabra"), elevate the collection and show that there's more to *thruWu* than just freshness and a cuh-*rucial* moral. (Admittedly, at one or two points there was so much transpiring on the page that I didn't really know what the fuck was going on in the collection any more, but I think that was intended!)

If there's one tiny, *chīsai* thing the reader might find themselves wanting for, it's technical details regarding Rosaura-Khoury's metamorphosis. We get this information at times, and the poet paints a vivid picture of the effects of their "developments" (growing huge, blushing breasts ヽ(● ﾊ ●)ﾉ, getting a cute pixie cut, and so forth), and some of the poems are extremely graphic, which is superb, but how do they regard their penis envy as an anime character? What fetishes come with this conversion? How long can they stand being stuffed in a locker with their crush before fainting from the heat and intrigue? These are fundamental questions I wish R-K had gotten to, so as to better chart a path for others. To boot, Rosaura-Khoury faces many enemies during their journey—parents, friends, online users, scammers, naysayers, bad lovers, immigration officials. Yet they don't tear them down in the end. There were many instances where they could have really let them have it for their lack of support, but R-K chooses the "high road" and lets them off the

proverbial hook, only indirectly exposing their egregious, toxic behaviour in the occasional piece. I couldn't help but just a touch deflated at this—even if I was mesmerized in the process of such deflation. But that's life.

All told, *thruWu you/me: transformation poems* is good. *Really* fucking good. It's resonant. It's waggish. It's sting-your-tongue effervescent. But most of all, it's bold, urgent reading for a global population facing an identity crisis. Let me put it to you this way, sis: This. Is. Essential. Reading. Buy it. Buy five. Buy ten! Whatever you do—Don't. Miss. Out. *Baka*!

Bravo, Salem Al-Habibi Marcel de la Rosaura-Khoury. *Burabō*.

Immutable Currents by Robin Bobert Bobinson
Blaxlund House
112 Pages
ISBN: 978-1437231654
US: $15.99, UK: £12.99, CAN: $42.99

Reviewed by Dasani Chianti (aka Atlas Piana)

That he has been waiting on the nearby
pariahanous, piranhaous craigs, so soft,
denticulate, fully in the corruption of history,
watching them cast love bites at passing warblers,

or raucous may-tourists, reservists,

so that whatsoever is implicit in their ache for life,
their moon-blanched erasure,
broad as Sophocles' oral Ægean,
the heart, too, would take unto itself, its greater plains

and betray.

(From "Walking Arnold's Dover Beach," page 21)

Forward Prize-winning, Wallace Stevens Prize-winning, *et cetera* prize-winning Robin Bobert Bobinson. Bobert Dobert Dobinson. Blobert Schmobert Schmobbington. Poetry mainstay. Trademark: dense nature imagery, heavy contemplation, evergreen literary themes. So-called "meat-and-potatoes" poetry. Clean, dependable, coating of "sophistication." *Immutable Currents*: no different. Sadly.

Or: not? Wouldn't know. Never finished it. Wasn't for a lack of effort. Tried. *Three* times. Wavy, monochromatic cover pages. Wavy, monochromatic author pic. Wavy, monochromatic poems. Poems like sips of gently honeyed valerian root tea. Yawny poems. *Soporific* poems. Fell asleep several times on vintage cabriole. Tea: spilled (my 2016 Monte Bello, too). Get it? Not a bite of hearty stew in sight.

Concept: Bobinson's attempt to situate 50-something speaker in rapidly changing, increasingly tech-dependent world. Mostly in third-person. How innovative. Speaker loves…birds. And sunsets. And morning papers. And placid joys of small-town living. Dislikes phone. And email. And modern world. Really—how *innovative*. Speaker—Bobinson stressed in recent bad interview (complained about "small-minded" poetics; didn't mention ex-wife) with *El Carcass Picker*: *not* meant to be Bobinson…*somehow*…—occasionally hands things off to other melancholy blue-collar speakers but lingers in background. Scintillating. Thinks about death. Love. Beauty. *Transience*. Being old. Just like Matthew Arnold used to. Only Matthew Arnold did it 150 years ago. And better. Kind of. We've moved on…

Wanted to like this one. Truly did. Couldn't get there. Strong possibility average reader won't. Maybe should have stayed in the notebook. Been placed inside a bottle and thrown into Sophocles' Aegean. Tearfully dashed upon the washed-up rocks of Dover Beach.

So sleepy… Pass.

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

In order of appearance

Respected for her keen eye and tenacious drive, **Tina Oberman-Crosby (she/her)** is a long-standing columnist for *Politicope*. Her primary journalistic concerns are American foreign policy, Middle-Eastern diplomacy, and African-American culture. In 2020, she won the Aldo Beckman Memorial Award for her editorial connecting the BLM riots to the Trump administration's lack of Iranian drone-striking. Poetry is one of her numerous forbidden loves.

Jonathan Oberman-Crosby (he/him) is caretaker to three wonderful mixed-race boys. He loves working, playing, and spectating on the unceded ancestral lands of the Nacotchtank peoples of Washington, DC. He's taken the "Fully Soy and Chitin by 2030" pledge! His wife and bull love that for him.

(**Ahuiliztli Peterson** hates technology with a molten-lead passion.)
(bigdaddyjsbigruse.wordpress.com.)

Khayala Ghousseni is a twelve-year-old Turkish-Syrian-German asylum-seeker and is not being helped by a series of handlers and is most assuredly writing her poetry on her own. Yes. She was honoured to be selected as Germany's 75th United Nations Youth Ambassador and the International Monetary Fund's 43rd Youth Poet Laureate before the release of her debut collection, *Blood on the Kavash* (Indus Tree Plant Press, 202X). She is inspired by Manday Gormian, Nelson Mandela, and Greta Thunberg. Contact her representatives through indtppress.com for rates or publishing inquiries.

Waceo A. Mitaker (real/one) is currently incarcerated for a fourth time in Los Angeles' Metropolitan Detention Center (Tongva, Tataviam, Serrano, Kizh, and Chumash Peoples) on drug charges and uses his TikTok (@docracksmokeitrtnow) to promote awareness about the hidden joys of the inmate lifestyle and to inform discussion re: harm reduction.

A genderfluid member of the Nigerian diaspora, **adele nwankwo (they/them)** is a healthcare worker by trade, but has recently taken up writing as a means of exploring the connections between identity, trauma, and humour. Their poetry is inspired and encouraged by figures like Gwendolyn Brooks, Douglas Kearney, Ocean Vuong, and Ed Roberson. They just won their first contest,

despite taking up poetry three months ago! They also secured a position as poetry reader for *The Herstorical Revisionist* last week without applying!

Bless uuup! **Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully (blud/bled or 🥵/🥵self)** is, on god, one of the executive editors at *Echolalia Review*! Blud's currently goin' thru with w/ an identity change n' is learnin' to adapt blud's lifestyle from that of an oldhead late-30s Millennial to that of an early-twenties Zoomer. (Don't sweat: D. H. S. R's crazy work wuz scrutinized just as heavily as the other work here during the editorial process. Promise, bruhs!)

大屌女孩异议者! **(Eleanor Neveah Mei Payne) (t/rex)** is a madcap genderfuck quadriracial dinosaur sent to this earth to gobble down fascists. Just kidding! Mostly. T would like you to buy rex chapbook, (我的家人对我非常失望，而我却不得不假装这对我没有影响) (Maternity Spine Press, 202X), and will be breathing hot scaly breaths down your neck until you do! 🦖😤

Dr. Kim Ko (Formerly Ko-Bobinson) (she/her) is an academic poet and educator and doctor originally from Cobble Hill, Brooklyn, New York (Lenapehoking). She has a BA in Art History from Dartmouth College, an MFA in Creative Writing (under Professor Derrick W. B. Chaplin) from Brown University, a Ph.D. in Linguistics Research from Columbia University, for which she studied under the venerable Fiu Zeplin Toews III, and a second Ph.D in Psychology from Columbia University (under Cheeb Antony Nero Caracalla). Much of her recent pedagogical and professional research delves into the intersections between pre-meditated, race-focused, linguistic un-aliving initiatives and writing-predicated creative pursuits. She's currently the proud roommate of two cats (Bean and Pooky—Pooky's the feisty one!) after divorcing her "famous" literary figure husband, who won't return her calls. Ko was formerly an adjunct professor of Linguistics at Boston Women's College and now finds employment as a tenured professor of Psychology at the preeminent Yale University. She is not lonely.

Tal Dastor Pythagoras (?/?). Grey areas. Liminal space. Omissions. Expanses. Intersectionality. Venn-diagramic existences. Möbius strip consciousnesses. The ineffable. Extrapolate. Poetry reader for *The Transcommittal*. IG: @experiential_chasm.

JoJo St. St. (he/him) trains his mind, soul, and, if he absolutely must, his body in the mountains of the Andes in Cusco, Peru, as a globally responsible expat. He is a Taoist and a dualist and a pacifist and a good person with focus and drive and no bad thoughts ever. He is an associate poetry editor at *The Transcommittal* and is working on reviving the ancient Aztec poetic form of *icnoccuicame*, on top of reviving old notebook scans from obscure Latin American poets of 1930s, such as

Escoffery Paco Emptage, the first one-arm, one-leg-bereft Latinx professor to receive a guest lecturer role at Bixton Community College, and organizing the city's "Poesía en tránsito" initiative. Su español está getting better.

Scylur Annuh Brown (she/them) is an emerging poet and is still getting used to writing her bios in the third person. A dewy-eyed English undergrad at George Brown College (Mississaugas of the Credit First Nation lands) in Toronto, Canada. Rebecca finds inspiration in her grandmother's old saying that "what the flowers say, goes." Topics of interest for Rebecca include nature, adversity, social healing, gratitude, injustice, and baking. Lastly, Rebecca enjoys all the amazing poems she reads while performing her duties as free labour intern @ *Poetry Is Xtra Dead*. Current read: *Reimagining the Literary Arts* by feefee almeida (stalin stalin stalin, 202X), which she intends to review favourably on Goodreads. Lastly-lastly, she is learning so much under the artistic tutelage of AIDS Soteropolis as a part of Next-Gen Word People Apprenticeship and is starting to see the world very differently now!

z. l. williams (fay/fem) is a plus-sized, disabled, non-binary white settler (**sniffle**), and a slam poet and playwright from Meanjin (so-called Brisbane, Australia). williams' work explores resistance from imagined futuristic marginalized perspectives, and kaleidoscopic amends-making. Fay is a member of Allyship and Alliance of Earth and is proudly 2SLGBTQAIS35N&~!CHGGKEK=∞ and is the co-co-author of the upcoming short story and poetry collection, *sorry sorry sorry: sorry pieces* with Resistance or Die or Don't Press. Fay and others are gearing up for a cross-country tour to promote their new docu-series, *yt ppl wtf* (indie produced). Fay are the Culture Editor for *El Carcass-Picker*.

Deive Carnal cares a lot about women's issues but cares even more about men's issues. He volunteers with The North American Man/Boy/E-Boy Love Association (NAMEBLA) to encourage the acceptance of ethical pedophilia and ethical grooming—usually through popular online games like *Minecraft* or *Roblox*—as a legitimate sexual orientation. He also organizes the Chalkwalk Poetry Initiative for the Greater Houston, Atlanta, area, which seeks to bring children together to write out in chalk lines from inspiring marginalized-voice poems. He is, like, *super* open to you contacting him through his email (throbbingcarnald@aol.com) if you ever wanna talk or vent or share pics of yourself or...?

Lyvni River's (none—please only use Lyvni's first or full name every time) poems, such as "*educates you allegorically using tortoises and teacups,*" have won the Ruth Glizzy Poetry prize and have been shortlisted in many likewise illustrious contests. These accomplishments have earned

Lyvni many art grants, which have allowed Lyvni to quit Lyvni's former job as an insurance salesungenderedindividual. Are you impressed? You should be. Now, Lyvni gets to screen future contests and grant applicants to see if they're also worthy! Oh, and it should be obvious (you're not that stupid, right?) that Lyvni HATES guns.

A bio? Hmph. **anasteighsia yngeli anjali-raj (she/her)** lives authentically, in the present. All the time. She doesn't care about fancy MFAs or PhDs or publication credits or networking. That's for people playing "the game." anjali-raj cares more about real meaning and words. Real soul. Connectivity. Independent thought. You wouldn't get it. substack.com/divergentspiritswriting. BitChute: @divergentuwouldntgetit. She might have a chapbook coming out soon. What do you care, normie?

The spectral Nephilim entity known as **egregorana (it/its)** exists on a plane few have access to but to which the Mikosukkee Indigenous tribe originally held claim. Its non-astral cellular grid form, known to mortals as "katherine mccarthy," is a practicing wiccan, and should be feared. Author of the chapbook *Quartz Dubnos* (self-pubbed). 4.5-wave feminist. Inventor of the alternative-radical-flexitarian diet. Periodic fursuiter. Twitter: stealurwitch1; TikTok: moms!spaghetti!cat😻

Mariana Dapridran Espíritú (she/her) is a trans, Filipino neurodivergent *creatiste*, formerly proud arrivant, and part-time barista originally from Manila, Philippines (who is living in the UK at the moment). She seeks to merge experimental clay- and fluid-based visual art with transgressive narratives. She received her BFA from Loyola Marymount University and is a former founder of ~~CUHLERED WXMXN~~, a TERF-exclusionary anarcho-commune for revolutionaries in the Yarrow Point suburbs of Seattle (Duwamish, Suquamish, Stillaguamish, and Muckleshoot People), the neighbourhood of Manalo's late-childhood and adolescence. She has a love/hate relationship with corporate art, which she sometimes begrudgingly produces for *Fortune 500* companies.

Joshua Tuilevu (he/him or they/them) has had poems, articles, artwork, short stories, reviews, missives, rants, hybrid pieces, interviews, musings, hypnagogic trance transcriptions featured in over 1000 publications, including *GLUTT, faux-petit-nouveau-bourgie* (defunct), *OH♌io Collective, axe-cock press, leaky duodenum quarterly, D U & M P!, Persephonipple, Ay Dee Dee Review* (defunct), *Bone Broth Monthly* (defunct), *neuro x review, d/d/p, The Blaq XP, 4C Mag, Sloppy Jerk Chicken Review, Abororiginal, CoGnItIvE DiSsOnAnCe TrIaNnUaL, Transcommittal, Anne Frank Legacy Review, A Wet Fisting* (defunct), *Konkrete Roze* (defunct), *nOt uR lAtInX* (defunct), *The Khutag Undag Corner Store*, *EcoLOGIC, Derek Says Step on my Balls, OHHH FUCKKK!?, The Next Pandemic,* and *The Anti-Austrian Painter,* among others. He is the author

of 12 novels, 25 children's books, 127 poetry chapbooks and full-length collections (traditionally and self-published), and has been nominated for over 32 prizes, including Just Okay of the Net (14 times), and his poem, "BABA?!" was recently short-listed for the 202X Laconia Farmers' Market Poetry Gold Star. He's a part of every writers' association, including youth ones like Seoyeon ZuRee's. He has an MFA from Vancouver Community College. Twitter: @thepoetcompletionist.

AAAHHH! **C. B. D. CHI** MUST SCREAM BUT ZIR HATH NO MOUTH! WORK FORTHCOMING IN ALL THE MAGA(ZINES). BEHOLD: *HETEROBOREMATIVE* (ACK! GAH!, 202X). MAKES HAND-SEWN, HAND-LETTERED, HAND-FLUFFED CHAPBOOKS OUT OF ZEM GARAGE!!! FOR ACK! GAH!

"Kween" Sage Ravensolo Subramanian (they/them or meme/queen) wonders what would happen / if you and they kissed / in the astral space wherein / their sleep paralysis demon (Google: "Earls Seafood Tower") lies. As a meme queen, they design, edit, and publish the *Nobody Care Me* Zine and co-host the *Wrestleanime* YouTube show on the connections between anime and professional wrestling. Their favourite anime are *Evangelion, Serial Experiments Lain*, and *Family Guy*.

Otto Fatjon "Huevos Rancheros" Rancho-Marpet (huh?/huh?) is hungry again and feeling stimmy. Can he have some of what you're having? He swears he'll pay you back.

oop$_{oop}$ (oop/oop) oop oop, oop oop oop oop oop—oop oop oop oop oop oop (oop oop, $_{oop}$).

Uhm, **Seoyeon ZuRee (she/her)** doesn't really know how she found her way into this wonderful magazine. She's just happy to be here as a representative of the Pussywillow Grove Youth Writers' Collective that meets every Saturday in the Clayton Heights Learning Annex from 5:00 PM to 8:00 PM, except on major holidays (we have multicultural snacks). :)

For god (little "g')—search! **kai karamazov jr.** sees no god (little "g") on—high. Oh, but how he searches! How he searches...!

B. H. Fein (they/them) is not fine (and does not want to be associated with their literary agent father at Muller-Stein Literary Agency any longer!!!)

Claire Brooke Hawksmouth (Kha!n'Qt^{ǂ}eekc Ham^{ǂ}oot), aka Sky Child (Nishłį Yooch'ííd) (heal/her or they/them), author of the forthcoming *X^{w}məθkwey̓əm* with Louis Riel's Ghost,

is a Two-Spirit creator and healer hailing from the unceded traditional territory of the Nuxalkmc people of the Nuxalk Nation (*not* Port Moody, British Columbia, Canada). She now splits her time between her ancestral home and the permanently unrelinquished territories of the Lower Mainland of BC, where no controversy whatsoever follows her.[16]

Donyali McClein-Butterfield (she/her or ou/a or tey/ter or oy/vey) helps run this popsicle stand, and does so lovingly, with all the warmth and invitation of a harvest moon. She's been around the block, and at one time or another was training to be an intelligence officer (!), and has been highlighted in oodles of notable literary ventures, but that doesn't stop her from being by the people, for the people. Because what do we have if not our authenticity?

E. E. E. P. James (he/himbo) He. He. E. E. is fun guy. Wee! He enjoy make crochet of beloved *Star Wars* characters. Listen indie shoegazing. Empath. Friends say *v.* quirky! MFA: Johns Hopkins University. Plant dad life! Might—durp! he—have literary tourettes. durr. durp. new disorder. not diagnosed! Author of six poetry collections, including *all the nothing, endlessly, forever, completely, nothing* (slackjaw, 2019). Upcoming: *fhakgljgajg;!kyskys: in ter net verse* (IHAVEANSTI!, 202X) and *Sh*t, Calm, Pen, F*ck: A Poetry Activity Book for Busy-A*s Adults!* (Crispy Gordita Crunch Publishing, 202X)[17]; Proud poetry editor for *The Next Pandemic*. Check them out! npdemic.blogspot.com. Check him out! eeepmediditagain.com. Woohoo!

Working industriously, *sedulo* on a seminal tome respecting and scrurily scrutinizing the myriad concomitant exigencies attenuating ecumenical primacy in the *faciem* of metamodernism, as arising from and informed by internet forum παράδοση, **Zuthimalin Peng Starkowski (ze/dong)** currently espouses instruction as a recently anointed assistant professor alongside Kim Ko (formerly Ko-Bunting) at Yale University.

When **Dasani Chianti (aka Atlas Piana) (she/her or boss/babe)** isn't fulfilling her duties as Chief Head Executive Editor at *Persephonipple* and presiding over her team of thirty-two under-editors that pay their editorial position fees to her, she's usually dining at three-Michelin-star-rated restaurants with her *femme fatale* girlboss associates or being invited to Paris Fashion Week for the fourth time. Her reviews, never her poetry (...), have appeared in *Paris Review*, *Poetry*, *The New Yorker*, *Arc*, *Harper's, Reader's Digest*, *Ploughshares*, and *Granta*, just to name a few, honey.

Editorial Note: We would have included the bios of the individual IG poets and "Shelley's Disciple" (real name: John Appleton, from Seattle—doxxeth him not, or do!) but *fucking lmao*. Could you imagine?

The Transcommital Review

"MEN ARE ACTUALLY SHIT: THE DEPOPULATION ISSUE" WINTER 202X

Send up to three of your best poems on why people (men, specifically) are absolutely, unequivocally, scientifically the most foul, disgusting pieces of shit to ever inhabit this FUCKING GORGEOUS blue-and-green orb we call home and should probably be culled!

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Fuck Stump Press (A Division of Penguin Randomhouse and Subdivision of Indus Tree Plant Press)[18]

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: WORLD-LEADING 22-YEAR-OLD POETRY MEGA-TALENT MANDAY GORMIAN(20) NOW AVAILABLE FOR SPEAKING ARRANGEMENTS!

You might have seen her/them at the 202X RALLYCON All-Out Protest Fest (Sponsored by Lockheed Martin), reading her/their "The Molehills We Make" poem, which garnered international media coverage. You might have seen her/them in that stunning midnight-blue Balenciaga dress at the President's inauguration. You might've seen her/them addressing the Bilderberg Group at the latest Social Engineering Bonanza event earlier this year in Geneva, Switzerland. Well, now, the twenty-two-year-old poet sensation superstar mega-talent Manday Gormian is here to share her/their latest work with you!

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Gormian may also perform any three (3) activities in combination from the following options:

1) Discussion of poetic process (including riveting, inspirational anecdotes about organic, gluten-free green tea, what it takes to be a "mainstream artist" in 202X, how to type on a laptop *the poet's way*); 2) Her/Their artistic influences; 3) 10-minute condemnation of "hate speech" as it applies to the literary arts; 4) 10-minute reflection on line art's role in poetics; 5) Q&A segment of audience questions (questions subject to pre-approval); 6) 5-minute rumination on why AI and biometric cranial implants are unexpectedly good for the Arts and broader society; 7) Long-winded origin story involving parents from third-world country seeking refugee status (pairs well with); 8) Long-winded story about the power of non-Western lenses in literary tattoo selection; 9) Reading of a *Huffington Post* or *New Yorker* or *Guardian* or *Atlantic* or *Time* article about the correlation between high-doses of microplastic-based xenoestrogens and high-minded creativity; and 10) Just standing there for 5 minutes, staring blankly forward, sometimes adjusting their designer outfit.

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WHAT FOLX ARE SAYING ABOUT *ECHOLALIA REVIEW*

"Dangerous. Propulsive. Quixotic. You won't find a better mix of contemporary poetry. My socks = blown the FRIG off. Every time. End of phrase. End of clause. End of sentence."

—— Chemise Akimoto, Author of *IS MY PLAQUE PSORIASIS BOTHERING YOU?!* (Random Feminine Mythology Character Just Obscure Enough to Require You to Look It up Books, 202X)

"In the ever-encroaching, ever-protean panoply of preternatural creative endowment, *Echolalia* yell/hums/quarks a bugle call of Dionysian linguistic ecstasy, *necessitating* idolatry."

—— Bed Lyla Choberson, Poet Laureate of Shannon Heights Townhouse Complex, East Vancouver, BC, Canada

"If you were to strand me on a one-tree-two-coconut-style desert island and allow me to read only one thing, it would be this. In fact, if you were to offer me food on said island or this, I would take this over a hot meal. In *fact*, I'd saw my goddamned leg off if it meant I could read just another page of the next issue. Don't test me on this."

—— Cheeb Zylitl Ghoi Fryn, Editor of *The Khutag Undag Corner Store,* Recipient of the 202X CBC Award for New-ish Poetry from Someone Between the Ages of 28 and 29.

"Watch out, *Paris Review*—there's a new literati sheriff in town. *Echo* is the mag of the present and the future."

—— AIDS Soteropolis, Founder of I HAVE AN STI! PRESS

"لقد كانت الثورة الصناعية وعواقبها كارثة على الجنس البشري؛" Whoa, mama!"

—— Mia Uni Mia

§§

OUR F*CKIN' B*TCHIN' CONTRIBUTORS!!!

Issue 13.3!

adele nwankwo

B. H. Fein

Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully

大屌女孩异议者!

Kha!n' Qtʘeekc Hamǂoot, aka Sky Child (Nishłį Yooch'ííd)

"Kween" Sage Ravensolo Subramanian

C. B. D. CHI

anasteighsia yngeli anjali-raj

oop$_{oop}$

Otto Fatjon "Huevos Rancheros" Rancho-Marpet

& MORE!

Find us on:

Instagram, Bluesky (NOT X), Mastodon, TikTok, Vimeo, Issuu, WhatsApp, LINE, KakaoTalk, Tinder, Grindr, Nexopia, Friendster, Xbox Live, Roblox, Neopets, Vine (it still lives on in our hearts)

$900 CAN (jk!)
$2-$10 US (🦅❌)
£1-£? UK (yuck!)

11805040218080400

FOOTNOTE PIECES

(Corresponding to the parenthetical footnote numbers throughout)

(#0)

Echolalia Review

(An Anti-Poetry Collection)

Jasper Ceylon

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ISBN: 978-1-7386339-2-0[1]

[1] For permissions or press and publicity requests, write to the poet @ jasperceylon@protonmail.com.

Follow the poet on Substack for additional content: @jasperceylon

X: @jceylon[a]

[a] "As art sinks into paralysis, artists multiply. This anomaly ceases to be one if we realize that art, on its way to exhaustion, has become both impossible and easy."

Emil Cioran, *The Trouble with Being Born*

"The thing about writing is I can't tell if it's healing or destroying."

Rupi Kaur, *Milk and Honey*

"Bless language / its impossible walls / its flexible agony / a thin line / I keep tripping over"

Hieu Minh Nguyen, "Ode to the Pubic Hair Stuck in My Throat"[i]

---

[i] Disclaimer: This is a work of satire. Treat it as such. (Don't come for my head. Or do. Whatever.) Any names and likenesses bearing any similarity to real-life individuals or organizations are, we must stress for legal purposes, intended for comedic purposes. Furthermore, any typographical, grammatical, cultural, or referential errors present within this book are deliberate on the part of the author. Very little contained herein is not already observable or well-documented within the poetry and publishing worlds at the time of this collection's publication.[α]

[α]Dedication: *For Sage, my love: the perfect villain sidekick (and the alleged likeness behind "Adele Nwankwo")*[¦¦]

[¦¦][*True* Table of Contents]:

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(#1)

Echolalia Review

About

Wanna know our juicy backstory? *Echolalia* (*Eh-koh-lah-lee-uh*) *Review* was founded in a year at or around 2010 (we'll never tell!) by three heavily sleep-deprived and idealistic (then and now!) MFA students from the University of British Columbia. The idea was born during a game of UNO one night in the campus library's basement after we'd all had a little too much to drink. Raulian (See: Masthead) ended up losing his/their phone at some point in the night, and we couldn't find it for the life of us! That's when we came up with the brilliant idea of using echolocation (like bats do!) to find it. Our word of choice was "**Glück**," and we kept repeating it to ourselves until we found his darling little device. We swore it helped, and at that moment, we swore that if we ever opened up an awesome, totally bitchin' part- traditional, part-indie, part-super-indie (but mostly indie) poetry magazine of our own, we'd call it *Echolalia*.

Since our (in)auspicious founding, we've published exceptional poetry in a variety of styles from artists in over 153 countries (that's nearly all of them!), with many of these poets having gone on to win prestigious prizes, like the Governor General's Award, the T.S. Eliot Prize, and the **G. H. Abla F. G. B. F. Z. Y. 2 Henderson Prize**, and having won or placed in many other international competitions. Some of these wonderful word-wielders include AIDS Soteropolis, Douglas Doug Lass, Bandt Ciabatta, Bed Lyla Choberson, and more. (It's okay if you've never heard of a *single one* of these people. Well, it kinda isn't. But you'll get there.)

We also proudly nominate for the Pushcart Prize, in addition to the Best of the Net, Mostly Okay of the Net, and Probably Shouldn't Have Been on the Net Awards each year. And, not to brag, but *Echo* did kind of win a prize of our own for being CLMP's 4th-best Toronto-based (two of us editors moved here) part-traditional, part-indie, part-super-indie lit mag last year!

(#2)

Submissions

What We're Looking For:

If you're reading this, you're probably wondering what kind of stuff you should submit to us—and we can't *thank you* enough for doing your research! We're not like other poetry magazines. In (sort of) brief, we're looking for...

Sturm und Drang revised with with rusty crayons, little (huge) dark ages, Pepsi-sparkling, pepperoni-suffused Tinder flings; kick-your-cuspids-down-your-throat aggression, all-levels-of-dermis-piercing edge, writing about writing about writing about writing, the margins within the margins, welling fascinations with the liminal, sublingual effigies, stone-blind descents into forgotten hermetic dramaturgist underworlds, rueful ruminations on family gatherings, dollar-store Solzhenitsyns, ekphrastic stochastic parasocial chimera, heart-rending Baltic burlesques, barbershop effluvium, pre-industrial balderdash cantos, DIY psychological top-surgery, star-crossed insectophilia pyrotechnics, two-day-old voodoo incantations, nocturnes in Chopin-cum-Nutty Professor gene-spliced virtuosity, Chaz Bono as 23rd-century peripatetic international Don Quixote, antiquity epics via Edward de Vere's socks, Rosa Luxemburg x. Pritilata Waddedar x. Frida Kahlo yuri manga panels, Chaucer as a yandere anime maid, Fischer-Price esotericism, *gesamtkunstwerk* as a computer-generated African warlord, shibboleth paper shredders, *a* academia vs. *z* academia, 3000-IQ prefix-bending occipital projections, neophytic metaphysics sampled through a half-smashed Colt 45 can, incarnadine Jurassic theta black hole ghazals, quantum internet history Google gaming Spotify shoegazing singularity playlist skirmisher aubades————

Basically, we want your best.

We also consider poetry in translation (super yes!), art, book reviews, interviews, and essays! 🙂

And we'll *very rarely* take creative non-fiction/hybrid pieces, so long as they're about poetry.

What We're Not Looking For:

Misogyny, bigotry, racism, ableism, transphobia, fat-shaming, eugenics ANYTHING, nationalism, populism, jingoism, pro-fascist rhetoric, white supremacy, Nazism (HARD NO 🙅🏽), anti-Semitism, anti-communism, anti-socialism, anti-democratic socialism, Eurocentricism, Europhilism, Christian proselytization, classism, transphobia again, anti-immigration, anti-globalism, dogmatic conservatism, crypto-conservatism, alt-rightism, radical centrism, regular centrism, pseudo-leftism, supra-two-partyism, anti-confessionalism, anti-atheism, anti-paganism, Islamophobia, personal attacks against animals (guide dogs or assistance animals, particularly), climate crisis denial, climate crisis criticism, genocide denial (Armenian notwithstanding), vaccine demonization, conspiracy theories (9/11, Illuminati, chemtrails, et al.) anti-homelessness, addiction insensitivity, addiction glorification, pro-capitalism, anti-neurodivergence, appropriated culture, aggressive language, micro-aggressive language, appropriated language, targeted language toward marginalized groups, untargeted language toward non-marginalized groups, anti-mediaism, sexual violence, conventional (vanilla) eroticism, anti-Pop Tartism (they're our MOST BELOVED snack), historical revisionism re: The 1928 Banana Massacre, sports idolatry, toxic masculinity, masculine lenses (*pee-yew*!), petit bourgeois suburbanism, academia slander (CRT, FCT, etc.), critiques of Sean Penn (our fave actor), critiques of weed pens/vaping equipment, quoted lyrics of "Bohemian Rhapsody" (even though Freddie Mercury is a FUCKING ICON, we've had too many pieces like this already), more invitations to playdates at Chuck-E-Cheese, excerpts from your teenage manifesto on *Hannah Montana* as a contemporary southern belle psy-op, divergent theses on grocery store gremlin hierarchies (again, too many), Wordsworth-esque sonnets, odes, elegies, or ballades about flowers or clouds or some shit (in fact, any inclusion of "shining glade"-type imagery is grounds for immediate rejection); dead-white-male poet glorification, traditionalism, milquetoastism, Dante worship, boring-ass pastoral lyrics/narratives about your "gam-gam and paw-paw" (we're sure they were great—ish—but we just don't care) (poems about your baba, however, are acceptable), PLAGIARISM, detail-heavy sci-fi (that shit's lame, yo 🤦🏾‍♀️), or anything that might otherwise smell of hate or give us the heebie-jeebies. Other than that, we'll read anything!

Also! A few stylistic features to consider avoiding: rhetorical questions, vague abstractions, rhyme schemes, fixed metre, the 3rd person, CLICHÉS (for the love of whatever GOD you may or may not subscribe to), busted formatting.

IF ANYTHING YOU SEND US IS LATER FOUND TO BE AI-CREATED WE WILL EXTERMINATE EVERY SNIVELLING BRANCH OF YOUR MISERABLE FAMILY TREE!!!

How to Submit

We like a lot of your work and a lot of the things you do. But here's a list of our top *dos* and *don'ts* for sending us that stuff so we'll like what you do more!

Dos:

- Send 1 submission at a time, please. That means if you submit a batch of poems on the first of May, you can't send another batch 2 days later or a book review 2 weeks later. Please wait until you've heard back from us. (You get the idea. You're smart.)
- Use a standard font (Times New Roman, Garamond, Arial—kinda boring, but we must insist after receiving 2,000 submissions in WingDings) in 12-point font size. Poetry: single-spaced or whatever formatting is necessary for your pieces. Other written forms: 1.8-spaced. No exceptions.
- We accept simultaneous submissions. Woohoo! But please withdraw your piece *immediately* if it's accepted elsewhere. And we do mean *immediately*...
- Submission limits: Poetry: 1-3 poems (no more than 4.753 pages 'cause we don't love publishing individual pieces over 2 pages each. We will, begrudgingly, but you don't wanna make us do things we hate, do you?);

Reviews: 500-1500 words; Artwork: 1-3 pieces, unless commissioned; Essays: 3000 words max. Please submit through our Submittable portal below.

- Response times vary. See our submission page for more on this.
- Content warnings: If your work deals with sensitive or triggering topics, please identify/note them in your cover letter AND on your submission pages themselves. Failure to do so will result in rejection if they're found in the work. Again, no exceptions.
- We vastly prefer .doc and .docx files, although a PDF is okay in a pinch. (If you send us a plain text .txt file, we will pay our personal shaman to hex you for eternity.) Artwork should be sent in JPEG or PNG format.
- If you have some edits to make after you've submitted: *withdraw your submission, update it, and re-submit!* We know it's a headache, but we're a small, (mostly) all-volunteer team. We only have so many heads to hold everyone else's aches. So be a pal and do a little of the legwork for us!

Don'ts:

- We don't accept emailed submissions. You gotta use our Submittable. The exception to the rule is interviews and reviews—you can email those directly to thebitchinechointerviews@echolalalalia.ca, or one of our many other email addresses. (We have nine, but if you choose the wrong one, we'll never even open it.)
- Don't submit to us more than once in 3 years. If your work has been accepted, you must wait 12 years to submit again.
- AGAIN: NO WINGDINGS! Our eyes hurt trying to read even regular fonts, so your each-word-is-a-different-colour shit is enough to want to make us carve our eyeballs out and drink them down in our afternoon lattes.
- Please avoid using unnecessarily complex formatting if your poems don't actually need it. (We adore it when they do.)
- There's no need to address us as "Editors." We have names, y'all!
- Super-AGAIN: .txt file = certain peril. You've been warned!

We are happy to say that we charge only $19.69 for submissions! That's quite a bit lower than the industry standard. However, we love, love, love you for supporting us with your submission fees, and we send out silent prayers in your honour every time you send us your beautiful pieces. THANK YOU!

(Anything else about our submissions requirements we haven't listed here or on our submission form will just have to be figured out on your own.)

[SUBMIT NOW]

(#3)

Echolalia Review—Poetry Submission Form

Submissions are open to poets at any stage of their careers. New and emerging poets are encouraged to submit (though, realistically, your chances are slim if you don't have at least some sort of name).

We are thrilled to offer significant payment to our partner poets: $2 per poem or piece, up to a max of $4. Essays are $0.0002/word; other pieces can be bartered for. We also offer a token payment of a commemorative *Echolalia* wooden nickel! We are proud to pay for published pieces, but are highly selective with what we publish.

We also strongly, *strongly*, *STRONGLY!!* encourage under-represented and marginalized writers of any kind to submit. We aim for an equitable, accurate representation of the English language (+ other works translated into it!) and its community. Your voices *matter*.

Submissions are open internationally. Here's a brief run-down:

- You may choose to include identifying information in the document.
- Include content warnings wherever applicable. (If you're unsure of whether you should or not, just do it. It's good form, bra/o/x).
- We do accept simultaneous submissions—but if you fail to notify us of your piece's prior publication and we choose to accept yours, oh, you're in for it...
- Submission must not exceed 3 poems or 4.753 pages.
- We do not accept multiple submissions.
- Please include a cover letter with your publication history. Or don't. (If we don't recognize your name, we probably won't read it anyway.)
- If you are currently incarcerated, trapped on an alien spaceship, or need any other help submitting, write to us @ thebitchinechoteam@echolalalalia.ca or thebitchinechoinfo@echolalalalia.ca.
- Do NOT under any circumstances send us content that is misogynistic, racist, homophobic, etc. We are very clear about this on our website. Get that toxic shit out of here, you mouthbreather needledick.
- We offer competitive turnaround times. Expect 9 months for a response. Please do not ask for an update on your submission until 7.14 months have passed. We occasionally take upwards of three years to respond, but sometimes, given our workloads, we forget. Sorry!
- If any of these guidelines, no matter how small, are not observed, we will not respond to your submission, and you will have to watch it sit as "Received" on your Submittable account for the rest of your miserable days! Mwahaha!

For a full list of dos and don'ts, please go back and see our full submission guidelines.

...

Please fill out the following questionnaire below to help us better evaluate and understand your work:

What ethnicity do you belong to or identify as?

African

☐

Asian

☐

Indigenous American

☐

Indigenous Hawaiian or Pacific Islander

☐

Latinx

☐

Middle-Eastern

☐

Mixed Race

☐

Caucasian*

☐

If you selected “Caucasian,” please explain why.*

What gender do you belong to or identify as?

Marginalized Gender (including, but not limited to, trans, two-spirit, nonbinary)

☐

Female

☐

Male*

☐

If you selected “Male,” please explain why.*

Title*

Enter the individual titles for your submission (“an acrostic re: fisting”; “2”; “3”). Do not include personal information here.

Cover Letter*

Enter a brief cover letter including a short biographical statement. This is where you can say hello, tell us about your publication history, describe your hilarious dog named *Ruffington Weasley*, etc. We try to read your submissions somewhat blind, but we’re only human. Forgive us! *Please also include an extra list of any appropriate content warning(s) for the readers of the submission here*. For example: “Content Warning: This work utilizes scenes of generational dairy-based violence.” Lastly, describe every disability you have or think you might have. Nothing is too small. Nothing. We appreciate your consideration for our team and our readers!

Upload a file with all your poems in one document.

File Upload*

[Choose File]

Upload a file. No files have been attached yet.

Acceptable file types: .doc, .docx, .pdf (not fucking .rtf)

...

Payment Options:*

[ ] Standard Response (😒) — we will return your submission within 9 months (if we do respond)!

$19.69

[ ] Quick Response — we will return your submission within 7-8 months!

$59.69

[ ] *yt ppl wtf* — a stunning documentary from contributor z. l. williams (90 mins)

$22.99

[ ] — *thruWu you/me: transformation poems* from contributor Salem Al-Habibi Marcel De La Rosaura-Khoury (Fuck Stump Press, 202X, 72 pages) (part of our initiative to promote latin(o)/q/x voices)

$28.99

[Save Draft] [Submit to Echolalia]

(#4)

< (🐝)> Echolalia Review <thebitchinechoteam@echolalalalia.ca> 1:32 PM
to me 👍

Dear You, Sweet, Sweet You,

Congrats!! 🎊 We at *Echolalia* are *thuh-rilled* to inform you that your poem, "*once upon a time a ...,*" has been selected for publication in our fall issue! *Suh-weet*, right?

We love, love, love the opening line, "a mirror only shows what borders particle and craving," and were absolutely hooked on the ending. We knew we just *had* to have it. (The whole team read it, top to bottom, and one of our editors even peed with excitement upon finishing it—we won't tell you which one, though :P)

Okay, so some housekeeping first (ugh!—the boring part!):

- Please let us know if the piece is still available. (If it got picked up by another publication and you didn't tell us, then lube up, strap in, and bite down, 'cause you're about to get blacklisted forever~~!) Should it be, send a final version (no significant revisions—the ol' bait-and-switch is a big-time party foul!)
- Send us your full name, any social media handles you'd like us to promote, and your mailing address for your free contributors' copy (only applicable if you live in a 5KM radius of us)

- You're in the money! If you'd like to accept your generous payment, please include your banking information or PayPal. Alternatively, you could choose to mark this as a charitable donation to one of the local foodbanks in the GTA 🍞 (we promise we won't purloin the money to buy donuts like that one time, even if we're all broke as utter fuck!)
- Indicate whether or not you're comfortable with granting us 18-year digital rights, and well as numerous print rights, wherein any violation (this includes, but is not limited to, posting excerpts of the poem on social media, in forums, group chats, messages to your mother, whispering it to yourself on a cold, dark winter's night) is subject to article CZ-113 of international copyright law and may result in a fine of up to $50,000 CAD or imprisonment)
- Include an updated bio telling us all about your beautiful self!

And that's about it! We're super-duper excited to be working with you. Please let me know if you have any questions. Most do! (And don't worry—we won't be editing or amending your piece. We don't do that around here. So it'll stay *you*.)

Tl;dr: You're in, kid! Welcome to the wild world of *Echo*.

Sincerely,

Donyali + The *Echo* team

(#5)

< (🦃) > Echolalia Review <thebitchinechoteam@echolalalalia.ca> 3:48 AM
to me 👎🏻

Hey Idiot Retard,

We enjoyed reading your work. Yep.

Wasn't a good fit. Best finding a place for it.

K.

Cya.

- The ET 🤘🏿

P.S. It takes a lot of time and money, to run a successful literary journal. If we could ask for just a tiny, tiny donation to help keep the lights on... And maybe for a Caesar salad or two... Or a donut... Oh, we're so hungry, so cold...

P.P.S. Any donations will have no bearing on future assessments of your work. Let's be clear. None whatsoever. Don't write to us about this. But oh, we're so poor... If only someone would...a...donati on... oh, never mind...you wouldn't...maybe? ... echolalalalia.ca/donations or ko-fi.com/echolalalalia...tax credit... Form 8283 ... depending...on...country...oooooh...

Sent from Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully's iPhone

(#6)

[*Profile pic of Hillary Clinton*]
Tina Oberman-Crosby 🇺🇸✅
@neverrepublican74
Poet. Journalist. Aspiring Politician. Volunteer. Activist. "Corn Pop was a bad dude!" – Joe Biden
() Washington, DC () politicope.com

13068 Following 3382 Followers

Comments Reposts Likes Analytics

[pic] [✅] Tina Oberman-Crosby @neverrepublican74 · Nov 3
(1/2) House representatives Clingmeier (DEM) and Doost (DEM) voted in favour of Bill D-24 today, and I couldn't be happier. As Reverend Al Sharpton put it on CNN last night, "[Bill D-24] is paramount in ensuring, and affirming, America's commitment to military presence in places in the world that ...
[]13 []26 []131 []3.9k

[pic] [✅] Tina Oberman-Crosby @neverrepublican74 · Nov 4
(2/2) need it, or don't yet know they need it." I can only hope that Republicans (annoyed face) don't get in the way again. Wishful thinking.
[]12 []24 []129 []4.0k

[pic] [✅] Tina Oberman-Crosby @neverrepublican74 · Nov 5
(1/2) Why is no one talking about this? The Guardian (@guardian) reported last night that Louisiana legislators are set to propose a ban on several key poetry books from new and radical thinkers, such as Manday Gormian. This is not okay. This is really not okay, folks.
[]32 []56 []267 []25k

[pic] [✅] Tina Oberman-Crosby @neverrepublican74 · Nov 5
(2/2) To think we live in a world where capital-C Conservatives think they have a monopoly on the discourse is disgusting and, frankly, embarrassing for this nation and the international community. Going to have to write a new piece about this tonight. Need links to help stop the ban! Want to help!
[]24 []36 []210 []20k

[pic] [✅] Tina Oberman-Crosby @neverrepublican74 · Nov 6
Trying not to talk politics (and failing) at the dinner table because @thejohnniepadawan made us lobster bisque, and Republicans hate that dish. I love our situationship almost as much as I love free abortion care for lesbian writers. Use #abortionhealthcarelesbianwritersnecessarycurrentthing to support. Because ppl like my mom wouldn't!
[]4 []7 []13 []689

(#7)

[*Profile pic of Hilary Clinton Funko Pop*]
Jonathan Oberman-Crosby
@thejonniepadawan
"You will remove these restraints and leave this cell with the door open" – Rey Skywalker
() Washington, DC () jonathanobermancrosby.wordpress.com

168 Following 9 Followers

Comments Reposts Likes Analytics

[pic] Jonathan Oberman-Crosby @thejonniepadawan · Nov 1 (4hr)
Trip to DC Epic Lit Fair today. Reading from my latest chapbook. Wish me luck.
[]1 []2 []10 []604

[pic] Jonathan Oberman-Crosby @thejonniepadawan · Nov 1 (3hr)
On the ferry now. Lots of wind.
[]1 []3 []9 []500

[pic] Jonathan Oberman-Crosby @thejonniepadawan · Nov 1 (3hr)
Nice lobster bisque.
[]1 []1 []7 []403

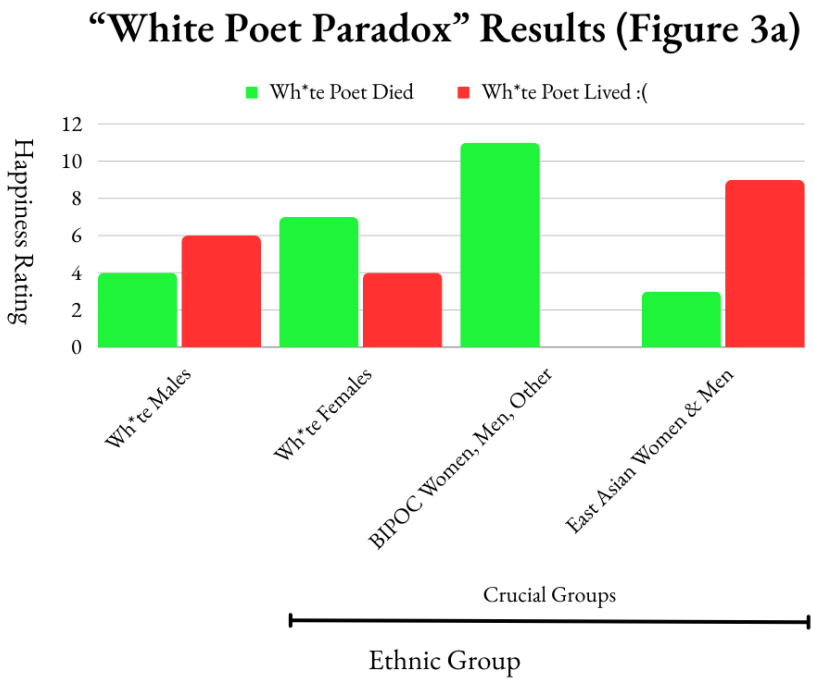
[pic] Jonathan Oberman-Crosby @thejonniepadawan · Nov 1 (3hr)
More lobster bisque.
[pic]
[]2 []2 []5 []314

[pic] Jonathan Oberman-Crosby @thejonniepadawan · Nov 1 (3hr)
Sunny on the water. Sunny in the city. Good day.
[]0 []1 []4 []201

[pic] Jonathan Oberman-Crosby @thejonniepadawan · Nov 1 (1hr)
Reading went well. Generous attendance (12). Thinking about that lobster bisque.
[]0 []0 []1 []75

[pic] Jonathan Oberman-Crosby @thejonniepadawan · Nov 1 (now)
Might watch "A Statuesque Love" tonight. Or "yt ppl wtf." Will probably watch "Love."
[]0 []0 []0 []40

(#8)



(#9)

Movement	Prominent Works (Poems)
Romanticism	"London," "Ozymandias," "The Eve of St. Agnes";
Symbolism	"Hérodiade," "Asleep in the Valley," "Claire de lune";
Modernism	"In a Station of the Metro," "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," "anyone lived in a pretty how town";
Imagism	"The Embankment," "Acon," "The Swan";
Objectivism	"Briggflatts," "Memory of V. I. Ulianov," "Who Shall Doubt";
Harlem Renaissance	"I, Too," "Common Dust," "How It Feels to Be Colored By Me";
Beat Gen	"Howl," "To the Oracle at Delphi," "2 for theodore roethke";
Post-Modernism	"The Trash Can," "How Fortunate," "The Morning of the Poem";
Confessionalists	"Daddy," "The Ball Poem," "The Boy Made of Meat";
New York School	"The New Spirit," "Ave Maria," "20";
Black Mountain Poets	"Winter Solstice," "Air: The Love of a Woman," "Such Is the Sickness of Many a Good Thing";
San Francisco Renaissance	"Air and Angels," "For Gustave Moreau," "Psychoanalysis: An Elegy";
British Poetry Revival	"Alphabet of Fishes," "FRAGMENT 1," "2 Lessons from the Cockerel";
Hungry Generation	"Otherwise Why Should You Be Human [trans.]," "The Clapper," "Murder [trans.]";
Martian Poets	"A Martian Sends a Postcard Home," "The Chocolate"
Nuyorican Poets	"Elections and...: second part," "Ode to a Grasshopper," "Sistas";
New Formalism	"Erogenous Zones," "Becoming a Redwood," "The Negativo Trio";
Post-Post Modernism/Metamodernism	"What I Have," "Liner Notes," "Poem After Group Text Anticipating Next Millennium's Sushi Date";
← *You Are Here*	
Post-Post-Post Modernism/Post-Metamodernism (cont.)	"Someday I'll Love Literally Everyone Simultaneously," "The Marvel Phase 9 Clichés That Keep Me from Killing Myself," "coom[error]?";
Mongoliatudeism (cont.)	"Genghis Khan is so back," "Khutag Undag Uprising (I HATE WRITING IN ENGLISH, BUT I'M DOING IT JUST THIS ONCE!)," "Punching your teeth down your fake throat-singing throat";
Pentageometiricism (Ba'al Barfers)	"Canaanite Dreaming," "Agrippa Key Gematria This!" "The Joker Card";
Nickel Square Branson Babies (cont.) (cont.)	"Pretending to Care About Mega-Incels Until It Nets Me International Attention," "The Gang Starts an Astro-turfed, Controlled-Opp Podcast!" "drab ennui: a long poem about a play about being in the nickel square movement";
Polyamorists	"i do do do do do," "the five-dad shuffle," "in-laws: 1 degree of separation";
Pre-Post-Post-Post-Ironism (cont.) (cont.) (cont.)	"I'm too ugly for you to enjoy my work. *Sigh,*" "Me DM'ing myself about you DM'ing your friend about this cool deep-fried revived Rage Comic meme you saw yesterday (w/ ridiculous annotations from yours truly)," "throwing the libretto of *don giovanni* into google translate, translating it 17 times, then turning the results into an ai-facilitated *spongebob* diss track about how libertine-ish larry the lobster is";
Nu-Alt-Rightism (cont.)	"Child-Trafficking Blues," "When you think about this, there is no border crisis! "Depressed? Get a Free Gun by Scanning the QR Code!";
'MOJERS	" 👌 emojieulogies," "unknown 🚷 ovulation," "[🐷][➡️][⛩️[‼️]";
AI Aristocracy (cont.) (cont.)	"Jalobius Bean and the Exorbitant Peach (Not Plagiarized)," "You Asked For: 'Mulatto T. S. Eliot's <<The Lovestruck R&B Melody of J'Alfred Prufrock>>," "I [.] 01101000 01100001.8my—01101101 01100001 01101011 01100101 01110010extinctionverdict";
Self-Pubber Syndicate	"wat u said n wat u didn't not say to me n," "sake, syllables & a garden spade," "untitled #90 for forum"
Form-Merging Multi-Materialism (cont.)	"#141 in melted crayon + spit," "Identity: Kaleidoscopic Narrated Dance (202X," "yes, this short story/ aubade/one-act/trans myth/news report/fanfic/fairytale/christmas carol hypertext will make you cry";
The Duolingo School (cont.)	"Excite for B1!" "new conjugation for slang word 'goova,'" "I am for have to attemp to get date so hard still when't understood!";
Twitch.com Neophytes (cont.) (cont.)	"This Burnt Bun Looks Like a Frag Grenade from *CS:GO*: A Haiku," "chat tries to prompt me to kill myself boogie2988-style," "a portrait of mental breakdown after streaming myself writing for 30 hours straight (i'm sorry i'm not mr. beast)";
Reactionary Masculinism	"Bad to the Huge, Sexy Bone...," "The Spray of Men," "Fine! I'm gay!";

Los じゅうに Globalisten	“Daybreak in Kyoto kinda looks like daybreak in Shenzhen, which kinda looks like daybreak in Benghazi,
(cont.)	which kinda looks like daybreak in Munich, which kinda looks like daybreak in Palo Alto, which kinda
(cont.)	looks like daybreak in Banjul,” “Future Pxrsxn,” “My digital currency is your digital currency, but a heart”;
Deadinsiders	“80s nihilism… an update… is anyone… even… listening…?”;
Even Darker Academia	“Gah! My Toe-sucking of the Eminescu Statue Is Once Again Foiled Recalcitrantly by the Percipient
(cont.)	Librarian! Egad!” “An even secreter(est) history,” “I travel to Greece and am dismayed to find that modern
(cont.)	Greece stinks, which causes me to try to die mysteriously at sea or of an infection”;
Gen Alpha Betas	“yrt jorkin’/so cheeeezed,” “gINGR pPL gUN eXTINGT rR???” “sig-alpha feelin beta brochugo…, fugg a
(cont.)	gen zenno…, billion dollar extreme…, m samuel hyde era”;
Guamanian-centro Futurism	“Micronesia hits 100 MPH,” “cyberpunk in hotnon babui dish”;
Fourth-Wave Primitivism	“grug grug,” “first drawing but with words,” “city more like shitty cave better”;
The Lingua-Schizoids	“pachipachipachiinkoinkoinko,” “>| : ∈¶$_{m}^{!}$ϴu .. ⫟,” “Bottom’s Even Bottomer Dream”;
The “Slow” School/The Pesti-PFOA-Flouridaters	“My Legs Work Just Fine!!!!!” “pavel’s uhhh dogs,” “Honestly, glyphosate’s good for you”;
The Vancouver Community College School of	“I like chicken, you like liver (frick my parents sometimes!),” “I wanna go swings! I wanna go swings! Upp!
Slam Poets/The Pussywillow Grove Collective	Upp!” “Red flower r pretty: roses r red violets r blue”;
Rapper Nobel Laureates	“Took the Tongs to Thailand,” “Child Support Payments Ruin Everything,” “TRIAD TIES”;
Bug-Singers	“the chitonomous radical flexitarian cookies i bake my actuary lead to an ill-timed confession of love,” “eet.
(cont.)	zee. Boogz!” “In this version, Ulysses never leaves the land of the Lotus-Eaters”;
Pro-Corporate Colloquists	“Buy Coca-Cola: A Poem,” “Sell Your Land to Your Local Developer—Preferably, Lincoln Property
(cont.)	Company, or One of Its Subsidiaries,” “Wouldn’t You Feel Better as a Wageslave? Here’s Your Cage”;
ReZENTERZ/Trying-Sincerity-Yet-Againists	“Just love each other / Or whatever / I’m done trying / Tennis rulez,” “Nietzsche was right, but he also
(cont.)	wasn’t, y’know?” “long-dist. gf’s monologue about how care is a 4-step process (@ 1:41 am, june 6, 204X)”;
Millennial Boomers	“I made you a life in America, but I eaded it,” “Never thought I’d say this, but *The Office* wasted the best
(cont.)	years of my life. Is there an advice animals meme for this?” “I’m mad cuz I got #virtuallydrawnandquartered
(cont.)	in the Metaverse for not telepathically acknowledging the trauma of cyber-refugees! I must do better!”;
Reverse Colonialists	“Ryanair Planes are the New Slave Ships (And Now That We Own Them, We’ll Use Them as Such),” “I
(cont.)	came in mt. vesuvius,” “White Bitch from Poland does my laundry and messes up the cycles”;
Transhumanist Cybos	“MY NEW CYBORG PENIS STOPS WORKING FIRST DAY,” “Downloading and e-pissing/shitting
(cont.)	on Nick Land’s *Fanged Noumena* and then realizing I was a bloody fool,” “brain chip, smain gip”;
Pre-Apoco-Acolytes	“Eecha, eecha, wah wah wah. Eecha, eecha, wah wuh woh! (The Rectangular End-Times Book of Taint
	Germain),” “My BIOLOGICAL MOTHER calls me from Pasadena to tell me not to use my incantation
	powers again,” “Do it, do it, CERN, you Monsters—Create the Armageddon Antimatter Radiation
	Particle and Fulfill the Ancient Mayan Prophecy Already!”
???	???
???	???
???	???
Post-Nuclearites	“eew eeg waiyistlund$_{i}$,” “[gibberish,” “[untranslatable stone carving]”
[END OF POETRY]	

(#10)

[*Profile pic of* Vampire Diaries]

I·E·IGI·R·IEI·G·I🅾I·R·IAI·N·IA (it/its) 👩‍🦳🪄😈🕷️🎃🦇🌚🏚️🪦🖤🏴

@stealurwitch1

luciferian 👹 antifa mechasoldier 🤖🦾 mcdonalds-sexual 🏳️‍🌈 #autismforpalestine 🧩🤔🍉
alt-rad-flexitarian 🥗 edgelord memer extraordinaire 🤡💀 rallycon alum 🪧 .. legalize hypermeth 💉
() naraka (underworld) () roblox.com/playerprofile?grandpasbigbutt
489 Following 370 Followers

Comments Reposts Likes Analytics

[ ] Pinned Tweet

[pic] I·E·IGI·R·IEI·G·I🅾I·R·IAI·N·IA 👩‍🦳🪄😈🕷️🎃🦇🌚🏚️ ... @stealurwitch1 · Nov 1
all my wiccan warlock wuhwuheirdos! keep in mind that mars is in tertuio this month!!!
lots of volatile creativity but alzo an opening for unwanted intrusive mental voices hehe 👻👻👻
[]6 []10 []30 []1.4k

[pic] I·E·IGI·R·IEI·G·I🅾I·R·IAI·N·IA 👩‍🦳🪄😈🕷️🎃🦇🌚🏚️ ... @stealurwitch1 · Nov 12
was a little troubled by the implication/implicit cis-fem-ness of tina oberman-crosby's latest in echolalia. ashamed to be featured alongside. very uncomfortable with the treatment of claire hawksmouth aka sky dancer too. will be contacting the magazine and those responsible. will report back.
[]3 []5 []21 []900

[pic] I·E·IGI·R·IEI·G·I🅾I·R·IAI·N·IA 👩‍🦳🪄😈🕷️🎃🦇🌚🏚️ ... @stealurwitch1 · Dec 1
hot chiiiiiip ftw?! leeeeeeroy jenkins! still good memes! mewing's lame yo. mogg yo mama!
[]9 []22 []46 []2.9k

[pic] I·E·IGI·R·IEI·G·I🅾I·R·IAI·N·IA 👩‍🦳🪄😈🕷️🎃🦇🌚🏚️ ... @stealurwitch1 · Dec 15
i officially have the most badazz cunt of a parakeet in the world. massacre just got spayed and is ready to rock. they're so killer for only scratching me once today.
[]4 []3 []19 []762

[pic] I·E·IGI·R·IEI·G·I🅾I·R·IAI·N·IA 👩‍🦳🪄😈🕷️🎃🦇🌚🏚️ ... @stealurwitch1 · Dec 18
robin bobert bobinson is a rapist. no, i don't have proof. don't ask for any. that's all i'll say...

> [pic] [✅] All Poetry News @allpoetrynewz · Dec 18
> A resounding, heart-hoisting congratulations to Roger Reeves for winning the

202X Griffin Prize. His third! We couldn't be prouder! — And he's black! (Bobinson was runner up...)

[]120 []83 []407 []37.2k

(#11)

A Proposed System for Layering Footnotes Within Footnotes (If You Wanna Cling to the Past and Continue to Use Footnotes in Your Poems Like Me)

By Josh Tuilevu (Published in Issue #17 of *Ay Dee Dee Review*)

First Footnote: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc.

Second Footnote: a, b, c, d, e, etc.

Third Footnote: i, ii, iii, iv, v, etc.

Fourth Footnote: α, β, γ, δ, ε, etc.

Fifth Footnote: 𓀀, 𓀁, 𓀂, 𓀃, 𓀄, etc.

Sixth Footnote: ⇧, ⇩, ⇳ ,⇦, ⇨, etc.

Seventh Footnote: : ·−, −···, −·−·, −··, ·, etc.

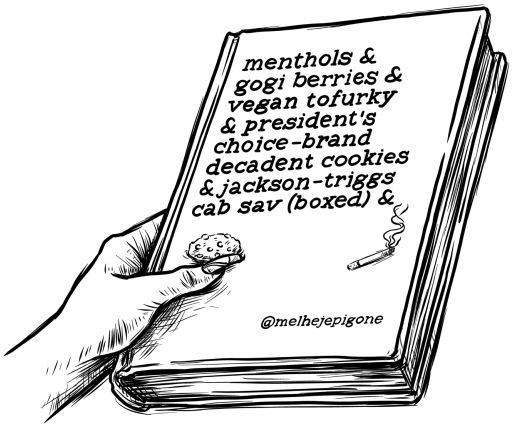
Eighth Footnote: 😂, 💯, 💩, 🤦, 🍆, etc.

Ninth Footnote: Gaddis, Wallace, Dick, Pynchon, Acker, etc.

Tenth Footnote: Turn back lest ye seeketh damnation.

(#12)

@melhejepigone



liked by hypallagemelike1ofurfrenchgirls and 20659 others

'It doesn't matter if you're born in a duck yard, so long as you've hatched from a swan's egg . she was" . (page 65]

.

Wow... wow.. So i kinda did a thing I can't believe its actually here! 🥳🥳 The first ever copy of my debute poetry collection! Somebody pinch me. Its been a long time coming and i just... This book is everything Ive wanted to say for so long.

.

Those of u who follow me know that I turned to writing poetry six months ago afte dealing with some traumatic events that should of broken me. (Ive done other posts on these things but sufficed it to say; bad break up, unconvering unknown childhood trauma, bad part time job.). An

d the journey has been so fullfilling. It wasn't easy, at first. I'm wasn't formally trained. There was a really real fear of putting my "self' out there as me; to be raw and honest and untrammuled . The first few poems i posted only got like 10 like s each i, think and, I got some early rejections from poetry magazines like eCholalia review, I thought this maybe wasn't for me. I wanted to give up. Thats when I realized you know what? What if no one pays attention? I'm doing this for me." Every new poem I wrote pulled me farther out of the darkness to, where I cold see the light again bit by bit little by little. After a few months they started getting 50 likes each I read and responded to every comment (still do) but I still had

to much work to do to howne my craft. In those days I didnt know I wanted to do a book or what kind, I only had a vague idea of something honest and powerful for others in my situation . I made it my goal to write something every second day even if it was just one poem and post it I wasn't a tall ready for what came next. 100 likes. 200. my follower count shotup. suddenly it was like the world was taking notise. that's when i really started deeply connecting with potes and readers on here and seeing the value writing has for so many. but it really got real when i was in the groceries store one night and got a dm from something saying my poem helped them through chemo treatment i couldn't believe it. i finally saw the power of shared trauma. that's really when menthols & gogi berries & vegan tofurkie & president's choice brand decadent cookies & jackson-triggs cab sav (boxed)&

.

I have to give a HUGE thanks to my cover designrrer, @bopeeperart for coming up with this cover it blue me away when i first saw it I couldn't think of a better way to represent the vibes of the collection/ and i wanna thank @lycheemargharita for providing the excellent artwork throughout she did a brilliant job of bringing my sketchers ideas to life, also, i wanna thank seoyawn Zuree for editing this and polishing it up like a dime in the rough. (we had so many poems to go through together it must've taken us at least four straight nights of coffees and bubble tees and of, course gogi berries and cookies to get it right. lastly, i have to thank all of you for your pre-orders!! i can't believe we hit the top of the moder npoetry category last night on ammazazon! ❤️ this is blowing my mined. THANK U.

.

if ur interested in seeing more of my journey, please follow me on here on or on my new tikTok @behypojeri or check out m&gb&vt&pcbdc&jtcs(b)& on AmaAzon or Barnes in Noble today Link in Bio).

.

Please Love yourself and lets unleash the beautiful swan within through words together! ❤️

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#m&gb&vt&pcbdc&jtm #langlaev #rupikaur #rhsin #lineart #atticus #indieartist #writingcommunity #writersofig #writinglife #poetsofig #poetryislove #poetryislife #poemaday #published #makingit #overcomingtrauma #poetrygram #poemquotes #selflove #quotestoliveby #indiewriter #amandalovelace #michaelfaudet #imhappyiswearhaha #followforfollow #courtneypeppernell #amazonwishlist #isoprahstilldoingherbookclub #blassed

(#13)

AMAZON ROYALTY STATEMENT SUMMARY (DEC.)

PROPRIETOR: AMAZON INC.

PAYEE: @melhejepigone

ONE MONTH PERIOD ENDING: 31-DEC-202X
DUE DATE: 31-JAN-202X
Currency: USD

Dear Commerce Vessel,

We don't even know who you are, but thanks for self-publishing with us.

Previous Period Amount Payable	**$10,689.01**
Amount Paid to PAYEE	**$10,689.01**
This Period Amount Payable	**$14,723.66**
TOTAL AMOUNT PAYABLE	**$14,723.66**

Title/ISBN/Edition/ Copyright Year	Gross Units	Return Units	Net Units	Price (USD)	Payee Split	Payee Share (Rounded Up)	End Balance (Excluding Minor Processing Fees) in USD
MENTHOLS & GOGI BERRIES & VEGAN TOFURKY & PRESIDENTS' CHOICE DECADENT COOKIES & JACKSON-TRIGGS CAB SAV (BOXED) &/ 979-17941758105/1/202X							
PRINT VERSION	610	2	608	$13.99	60.00%	$5,103.55	$5,103.55
HARDCOVER VERSION	302	0	302	$20.99	60.00%	$3,803.39	$3,803.39
E-BOOK VERSION	1048	8	1040	$7.99	70.00%	$5,816.72	$5,816.72
GROUP SUBTOTAL							$14,723.66
TOTAL							$14,723.66 USD

(#14)

Zuthimalin Peng Starkowski

Yale University Philosophy
DigitalCommons@Yale

PhD Doctoral Dissertations, and Graduate Capstone Projects 202X

Alleviating Individualistic and Institutionalized Artistic Isolation Through Guaranteed Income: A Transgressive Perspective on Cacophony, Permeability, and Efficacy in the Supersession of the Nu-Neo-Marxist Dialectic in the Western-Dominated Late- and Post-Capitalistic Poetry Publishing Micro- and Macrocosms

Abstract

What responsibility do artists, capitalists, and the public, respectively, bear in the structural injustice in today's poetry community? To what degree must the poet remain conscious of and respond to economic pressures when writing in the increasingly oppressive local and global economic ecosystems of 202X? This bold thesis examines the relationship between 21st-century Nu-Neo-Marxist thought and the economics of individual isolation in the contemporary poetry publishing industry. Chiefly, it seeks to establish the merits of pursuing equitable universal basic income ("net million income") for poets as a means of ridding them of artistic isolation and, consequently, better integrating poetry into everyday society by erasing artificially constructed social barriers between creator and public. It appeals to the synthesis of theories from Karl Marx and Fredrich Engels; prominent Marxist and Neo-Marxist thinkers (Theodor W. Adorno, Mikhail Lifshitz, Antonio Gramsci, Herbert Marcuse, Karl Popper, István Mészáros, John Molyneux, Chris Nineham, and others.), and Nu-Neo-Marxist thinkers (OBANTU KENDA, feefee almeida, Groon Mononym) to provide both historical and contemporary context for the predatory financial practices of publishers, as seen in their marketing, distribution, copyright laws, and royalty allotment. Additionally, it offers a new way forward for artists and publishers, predicated upon a state-, publisher-, and public-funded guaranteed economic stipends ("Layabout theorem") of one million dollars annually for poets only, as well as the justification for specific concentrations of this capital, which carries with it the potential to dismantle individual greed, facilitate public engagement with art, and end the Western hegemony on the commercialization of verse (131 pages).

Keywords

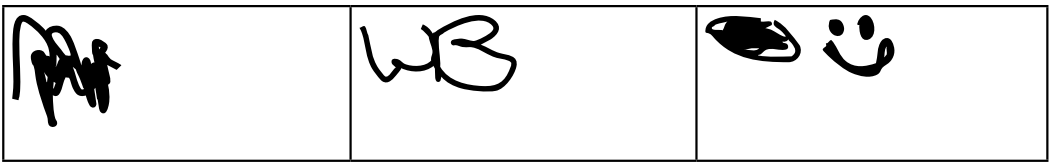
Karl Marx, Marxist, Neo-Marxist, Nu-Neo-Marxist, capitalism, poetry, million dollars, Layabout theorem, money, hegemony, free, publishers, marketing, copyright, oppression, commercialization, feefee almeida, art, liberation, gibs

Citation

Zuthimalin, P. Starkowski, "Alleviating Individualistic and Institutionalized Artistic Avariciousness [...]" (202X). *Yale Graduate Theses and Dissertations.* https://digitalcommons.yale.edu/etd/9102; republished in *Ethics, Morals, Poetry, and Marx* (202X) 21: 754–885, *Echolalia Review* Issue #13.3 (in part). https://doi.org/10.1006/k10277-018-9892-8.

Reviewed and approved by:

Dr. Amy Rush, Ph.D Major Professor	Dr. Derrick W. B. Chaplin, Ph.D Committee Member	Dr. Diver Siti Hire, Ph.D. Faculty Chair



(#15)

FUCK STUMP INDIE PRESS INC. ROYALTY STATEMENT SUMMARY
Catalog #4 (International Idolz)

Contact: Wouldn't you like to know!

PROPRIETOR: THE BERTELSMANN SE & CO. KGAA (VIA PENGUIN RANDOM HOUSE LLC.) [VIA INDUS TREE PLANT PRESS INC.] (VIA ANTI-CONGLOM BOOKS S-CORP) [VIA TINY REPARATIONS BOOKS LTD.]

PAYEE: SALEM AL-HABIBI MARCEL DE LA ROSAURA-KHOURY

SIX MONTH PERIOD ENDING: 31-DEC-202X
DUE DATE: 31-SEPT-2034
Currency: USD or Other

Dear Salem,

As per usual, any money owed to you will be wired to your account and should appear in the next 3,603-5,505 business days. Any money you may need to pay us, indicated by negative symbols, may be sent to this same account and should be paid within two business days. Please make a payment on your amount owing from last month as soon as possible.

On a personal note: Well done. Your title outperformed 80% of the #4 catalogue and 72% of all of our titles this period. Your Christmas numbers were especially strong. We love working with you, and we look forward to renewing and adding on to our partnership when your next manuscript is ready. If you'd like to see your numbers get even stronger, we could send out more freebie copies to reviewers (this would come with the usual cost to you), as they love writing reviews for free and doing our miserable gruntwork. Additionally, you may consider our previous offer to arrange for the mass-purchasing and "landfilling" of your title, at a cost of $20,000 to you for better sales statistics if you want to be kept around. You might also consider upping your social media promotion posts to three per day from the two you're at now. Or don't, you fucking loser!

Best,

"Kitty" R. S. Bowcat (she/they) (ACAB)

Previous Period Amount Payable	**-$12.39**
Amount Paid to PAYEE	**$0.00**
This Period Amount Payable	**-$11.19**
TOTAL AMOUNT PAYABLE	**-$23.58**

Title/ISBN/Edition/ Catalogue/Copyright Year	Gross Units	Return Units	Net Units	Price (USD)	Payee Split	Payee Share (Rounded Down)	Unit Process-ing Fees	End Balance in USD or Other
THRUWU YOU/ME: TRANSFORMATION POEMS/ 979-1738633909/1/4/ 202X								
PRINT VERSION	**7**	**4**	**3**	**$28.99**	**3.24%**	**$2.81**	**-$10.00**	**-$7.18**
E-BOOK VERSION	**9**	**8**	**1**	**$23.99**	**4.15%**	**$0.99**	**-$5.00**	**-$4.01**
GROUP SUBTOTAL								**-$11.19**
TOTAL								**-$11.19 USD**

(#16)

[*Blank profile pic*]
Claire Brooke Hawksmouth/Sky Child
@skychildspen

This account doesn't exist
Try searching for another

(#17)

*Sh*t, Calm, Pen, F*ck! (A Poetry Activity Book for Busy-A*s ADULTS!)*
By E. E. E. P. James

INTRODUCTION

Howdy, you lovely—fucking—homo—sapien! It's no secret that our modern world is jam-packed with stressors, inconveniences, hardships, and a whole bunch of other *annoying* bullshit. Eek! And in your most vulnerable moments, it can seem like fate has a way of piling everything on all at the same time. Womp, womp!

Yet, when life gives you lemons, it's best to make some goddamn lemonade! With this zany—little—journal you have in your hands, you'll be able to celebrate all the good shit around you: the people you love, the memories you cherish, the drugs you take ;) You'll get to revel in the literary lifestyle, build poems, plumb emotional depths, and flourish as a creative. (Erm, sign me up!) Plus, you'll also get to learn about poetry history and learn about common forms, such as concrete poems, ekphrastic poems, and much more! And the best part is, you'll get to use as much profane FUCKING language you please in the process, you glorious cuntmuffin! So, as the late, great James Baldwin used to say: *Let's fucking go!*

. . .

[*Page 5*]

If you could inflict metrophobia (fear of poetry) on one living person, who would you choose and why?

What's *your* literary drug of choice? (Maybe the classic, alcohol, like Kerouac? Oh, I so want you to say nitrous oxide, like Ginsberg!)

Let me guess—you were born in the wrong era. Insane how I know these things. Which literary era would you want to go back and be a part of?

...

[*Page 11*]

If you've ever been to a local poetry show, chances are you've watched someone deliver—a—slam—poem. Slam poems are AWESOMESAUCE, in that they allow you to challenge the status quo—we love that; who doesn't love that, other than rightists?—by mixing poetry with performance art. Wanna learn how to write one? You—absolutely—do! Penis!

The best slam poems are based around emotions or states of mind, like, say, resentment. To help you gather some material, list seven things you would thoroughly, absolutely fucking destroy if you had a chance!

- *Ex.: THE FUGGING PATRIARCHY!!!*
-
-
-
-
-
-

Sick! Cool! Tubular! Next up, we need a theme or major idea to explore. Hmm...Did someone say *more* resentment? Okay, we'll use that. HA!

You're almost ready to write a slam poem and become the next Alex Dang! Select one of the things you'd like to destroy from the bullet points above. Next, think of as many things about that topic as you can that you hate:

- *Ex. THE HEAVY WAY IT MAKES MY HEART FEEL!!! TWAT!*
-
-
-
-
-
-

Lastly, using your best ranting abilities—ass!—expand each of the things listed above out into sentences. (B-B-Bonus points if you try to throw in the occasional middle-school-level literary device, but those aren't necessary here!)

Wow, look at you go! You did it! Wee! For an added challenge, try reading it for a friend or stranger on the street!

...

[*Page 18*]

My three most adored poets are _____, _____, *and* _____.

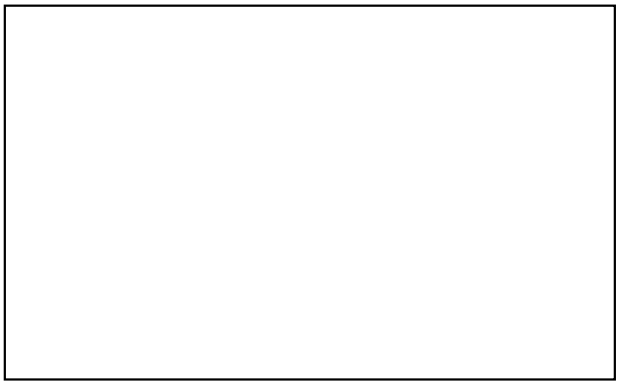
Got you! He he. Now, you have to play *Fuck*, *Marry*, *Kill* with them! Whoops! Whom of these would you want to shag, whom would you want to marry, and whom would you want to totally cock-shitting murder!

Fuck: _____
Marry: _____
Totally Fucking Murder: _____

Now, choose a poem from one of the poets you've named above and write your own version of it! (Mimicry is the greatest form of flattery, as they say! You should do it a lot! Horsecock!) Here's an example:

This is Just to Say (William Carlos Williams)	
I have eaten	
the beyond meat nuggets	
that were on	
the counter	
and which	
you were probably	
saving	
for lunch	
Forgive me	
they were delicious	
so salty	
so estrogenic	

To cap things off—arselick my face!—let's flex those art muscles a little. Draw a picture of your *least* favourite poet below, and then draw a massive, veiny, throbbing...delicious dick on their face. That'll show them for pissing you the goochsniff off!



. . .

[*Page 29*]

Yo, yo, yo! We love the dulcet tones of a good rap song, don't we? Did you know that African-Americans invented rhyming? SKRTT! I have Tourettes! Gooch-fuck! It hurts! Rap is actually just urban poetry. Isn't that cool?! We can use it to explore ideas that are important to African-Americans. But first, we need to get the form down.

Let's start with the basics. Try coming up with three rhyming couplets (that's a rhyming two-line pairing). Make sure the syllable count is the same for each line:

Ex. "You know I want it all and then some / Shout out to Asian girls, let the lights dim some"
(Drake, "Over My Dead Body")

Now that you've practiced rhyming once, we can write a rap song! Woot woot! Pick one of the following topics, and write a full rap verse (stanza)—vagina! vagina! scary!—about it. Feel free to use Ebonics (not you, honky) for some added flare:

Frequenting "Da Club" Narcotics-centred entrepreneurship Extra-marital relations
Pursuing Caucasian women Single-parent household challenges Urban folktales
Weapons-based recreational shootouts (target practice) Thoughtful law enforcement criticism

...

What?! HUH?! People have the nerve to tell you—schlong—you're a "massive pissbaby dork who hasn't grown up yet, even though you're in the 25-45 age demographic"? That's *wild*! Using your best descriptive writing, detail THREE (3) things you do to stave off the pain of this crippling realization. (It's not true, btw, kiddo!) Cracker. Cunt. Prick:

(#18)

This contract ("Fuck Stump Contract #4876") is entered into on _____ (*Date Here*), 202X, between _____ (*Name Here*) and Fuck Stump Press Inc., (whose primary location of business is in the basement of 1745 Broadway, New York, New York 10019), hereafter referred to as "the Author" and "the Publisher," respectively.

Witnesseth: With respect to the mutual covenants contained herein, the Author and the Publisher agree to the following on the date provided above:

1. **Manuscript**

The Author agrees to deliver the completed manuscript of " _____" ("the Work") to the Publisher by June 16th, 202X. The Work must consist of 4-6 poems, with an estimated word count of 500.

2. **Grant of Rights**

The Author grants the Publisher exclusive worldwide rights, in perpetuity, to publish, distribute, and sell the Work in print and digital formats, with the Publisher not required to make use of all of or any of the aforementioned formats. The Publisher also reserves the right to create from the Work derivative works, translations (realistically, unlikely), and adaptations (also unlikely), including movie adaptations (extremely unlikely).

3. **Publication Schedule**

The Publisher will use commercially responsible efforts to publish the Work within 100 months of receiving the completed manuscript. The exact publication date may be determined at any point, irrespective of the Author's input. The Publisher may choose not to publish the Work at any time during production of the Work, or after it has been completed.

4. **Royalties and Advances**

a. Royalties: The Publisher agrees to pay the Author an industry-leading, statistically generous royalty of **3.24019%** of the net revenue generated by physical copy sales of the Work. The Publisher likewise agrees to pay the Author a similarly industry-leading royalty of **4.1532%** of the net revenue generated by digital copy sales of the Work. Royalties will be calculated and distributed to the Author on a yearly basis, beginning at an undisclosed time after the release of the Work. Any returns (no matter how many in number) made of the Work will be subject to undisclosed processing fees that may affect the royalties paid to the Author.

b. Advance: The Publisher agrees to pay the Author a demonstrative advance of __**$10**__ against future royalties of the Author's work, to be recouped from the Author's future royalties.

c. Elevator Clause (scaled-up payments based on exceptional performance): The Publisher feels the Author has no need for this.

5. Editing and Proofreading

The Publisher will provide professional editing and proofreading services in accordance with their level of interest in the Work, the projected profitability of the Work, and on-hand capital. The Author agrees to cooperate and collaborate with whichever professionals, in-house or Fiverr-acquired, the Publisher elects to use for the editing process. The Author must understand that, while not final, any suggested edits, amendments, or alterations—irrespective of the Author's creative intentions, political alignments, hopes, wishes, or general desires—must be given priority over the Author's original version(s). Violation of this during the production process is liable to upset the Publisher in a deeply personal way, and is grounds for immediate termination of the Contract.

6. Interior Layout and Cover Design

The Publisher will be responsible for providing the interior layout design and cover design. The Publisher is free to use whichever programs for this design work, including Microsoft Word, Microsoft Paint, Adobe Photoshop 0.63, base-level Canva, Nintendo DS Pictochat, or another preferred software that may save expenditures. Furthermore, the Author will be given an opportunity, largely out of pity, to offer commentary on the design choices. However, the Publisher has the full legal right to ignore the provided commentary.

7. Promotion and Marketing

The Work will receive little to no attention from the Publisher's marketing department. The Publisher may attempt to make as many or as few stock social media campaigns about the Work on their social media platforms, but these will be limited to painfully generic "announcements," single-copy book giveaways within the United States (the Publisher may choose to ignore the winners of the aforementioned giveaways or void these giveaways at any given moment, without notice to the Author), intern-created reels, or, at best, an attempt to set up an interview with a low-level magazine whose circulation falls below 500 physical copies per issue. The Publisher will require the Author to fulfill several social media duties, including weekly social media posts across at least two (2) approved platforms, no fewer than five (5) YouTube videos that feature the book in a minimum of 50% of the video footage, and appearances at any number of embarrassing, contrived book signings at local bookstores that receive limited traffic. If any of the promotion or marketing appears to represent political or personal opinions that would jeopardize the marketability of any of the Publisher's other books or products, the Publisher reserves the right to terminate the Contract without notice and refuse all further contact until the end of time.

8. Copyright

The Publisher requires complete copyright for a minimum of 1000 years——You're not even reading this, are you, you jackoff? I bet your eyes are completely glazed over right now. You're so busy thinking of Warsan Shire, Billy Collins,

Ada Limón—that you'll genuinely become as wealthy and influential as them. Oh, my days! What a treat. Feel your cheek. What's that sharp metal thing stuck in the side of it? I'll give you a minute. You're so excited about getting your collection of derivative, dust-collecting drivel published that you can't even apprehend the words on the page, can you? You're too stupid and/or poor to get a lawyer to check this over, aren't you? You'd sign even if we offered you a bag of peanuts and burlap sack as compensation, wouldn't you? You'd thank us for it, too. We won't even give you

9. Author Copies

Or maybe we'll give you three (3) for fun so you can do our marketing for us, *wike a good wittle poet*. Too good! All right, all right—we *might* publish your sad little book (you spent sooo long on it, after all)—*eventually*. If we can make a buck off of it, or if we think it toes the line nicely, that is. After all, we wouldn't have even offered if we didn't believe there was something in it the public would eat up like the usual slop they enjoy. Be warned, though, kid, because there's always the threat of

10. Termination

if you don't play ball. You do see that we're going to hold your book hostage if you start expressing any "opinions" we don't like, right? We could slate it for next year, or we could slate it for when you're 70. You decide. We could drop the project entirely. Get used to it. Don't bother trying to involve the

11. Governing Law

They won't help. Or we'll just fold and start again under another imprint. We do it often. Which brings us to the

12. Entire Agreement

You're still not reading this, are you? Well, we warned you.——This Contract constitutes the entire agreement between the Author and the Publisher, and it supersedes all other negotiations conducted through written or verbal communication; it likewise supersedes informal agreements or accords formed between the aforementioned parties. Good luck!

_____ _____

Author (Useful Idiot) Name Publisher Name

(#19)

Greater Toronto Area Arts Embezzlement Fund

Grant Application Form

HAND IN NO LATER THAN FEBRUARY 31, 202X

Artist's Name or Name of Organization Toronto Committee ID Number

Street and Apartment Suite Number City

Province/Territory/State		Postal Code	
Telephone	Email	Website	
Blood Type	Foot Size	Weight	Attractiveness Estimate (1-10)

Category:

( ) Individual ($30,000 - $100,000) OR

( ) Collaborative ($60,000 - $200,000) OR

( ) Publication ($90,000 - $350,000)

Description of the project to be completed (MAX 25 words):

Purpose Budget	Amount (in CAD)
Professional Services	
Production Costs	
Facilities Costs	
Rent	
Food	
Marketing	
Printing	
General Administration	
Glitter	
Glue (Edible)	
Fun Trinkets from the Dollar Store (Toys, Doilies, Postcards, etc.)	
That Cute Outfit from Aritzia You Just *HAD* to Cop	
The Dental Work You've Been Putting off for, Let's Be Honest, 5 Years Now	

Expensive Food at a Swanky Place Downtown with a Complete Rando Who Turns out to Be a Thoroughly Mediocre Fuck, Prompting You to Give up on Dating for Another Three Months The Inevitable "My Grant Money Just Came in!" Twitch Streamer Donation Binge We Know You're Going to Go on Alcohol and Drugs You Keep Around to Convince People You're Some Bukowski-esque Cool Person Figure (Really, You're Just Buying Coconut Water, Antidepressants, and TUMS) Other	

Do you have any diagnosed or undiagnosed disabilities, visible or non-visible? (Please be specific.)

Do you identify as a global majority/Western minority? (Please be specific.)

Are you an active member of the 2SLGBTQAIS35N&~!CHGGKEK=∞ community? (Please be specific.)

Are you on any sort of spectrum? Any at all? (Please be specific.)

Do you have any gastrointestinal issues (IBS, low absorption, etc.)? How loose or firm are your bowel movements? (Please be specific.)

Do you like Brendan Fraser? (You *have* seen *The Whale*, haven't you?) (Please be specific.)

If you were locked in a room for two weeks with two tortoises, a bunny, and three squirrels, which would you eat first? Why? (Please be specific.) (WE DO NOT CONDONE THE ABUSE OF ANIMALS OR OF MEAT CONSUMPTION. THIS IS PURELY HYPOTHETICAL.)

If La'Quisha leaves their domicile at 8:43 am and rides their electric bike 45 km/h for 63 minutes, and Yi-Yi leaves zeta's co-op apartment at 9:12 am and travels 51.5 km/h for 55 minutes via eco-friendly transit, who has travelled further? (We know you can't do math—just try your best.)

What is your opinion on guys or self-identifying men with wire-framed glasses and tiny hats? Ha ha. Asking for a friend... (Please be specific.)

Follow-up: If we're just bags of flesh hurtling through space on a giant, unforgiving clump of stardust, why are these stars so damned beautiful tonight? Why are *you* so beautiful? W-Would you...be our first? (You don't have to answer right now. But when you do, please be specific.)

Would you ever consider throwing tomato soup at a Vincent Van Gogh painting? If so, for what cause? (Please be specific.)

Where do babies come from? (We still don't know. Please be specific.)

Who is your strongest poetic influence? Why is it Eileen Myles? (Please be specific.)

Rank the following in terms of coolness: boomer tunes, *Friends* (the sitcom), nicotine pod mods:

coolest:

middle-cool:

not as cool:

How much do you expect to make off of your project? (Yes, this is sarcasm.)

What are five things you absolutely NEED at a sleepover? Can we have a sleepover?

Lastly: You *are* an artist, right? You're not just leading us on for our money? You'd never do that to us, right? Hah. Of course... Not you. You're different. What were we thinking? (Please be specific.)

Evidence of Productivity

List your major publications/exhibitions/performances for the last 3 years only. (*So* optional. We're not even going to review this part, tbqh.)

_____

Your Awesome Name

_____

Date

Legal Note:

We promise not to jerk off to any of the information provided. Siiigh.

Please note that any amount awarded will "technically" be considered taxable income under Section 22a of the Financial Mismanagement Act and will need to be included on Line 134 of your subsequent tax form—unless, say, you simply don't declare it. We can't give financial or legal advice, but we think you know what to do. (This is all funded by tax-payers. Don't tell anyone!)

(#20)

[*Profile pic of inauguration*]
Manday Gormian ✅
@mandaygormian
Award-winning poet and thinker. Champion of change. Bronx girl at heart. Join the reading revolution now: indtppress.com/mandaygormian. Agent: Friedrich Muller (mullerstein.com)
() Los Angeles, California () mandaygormian.com
3 Following 3.1M Followers

Comments Reposts Likes Analytics

[ ] Pinned Tweet

[pic] [✅] Manday Gormian @mandaygormian · Nov 3
Book bans only increase ignorance. I forgive you, my detractors, in trusting that you will eventually learn from these mistakes. We all can. What follows is grace. Not hate.
[]9k []60k []114k []1.2M

[pic] [✅] Manday Gormian (they/them) @adinwankwo · Nov 4
The dexterity of stewardship: Enjoy my latest interview with Vogue (link in their bio). Ever gracious. Eternally connected. Tomorrow: MET Gala.
[]5.6k []14k []91k []1.1M

[pic] [✅] Manday Gormian @mandaygormian · Nov 5
Writing is much like water, as the slaves in Georgia used to say: It requires patience and can be found in abundance in areas of low atmospheric pressure.
[]1.7k []9k []73k []980k

[pic] [✅] Manday Gormian @mandaygormian · Nov 5
Among the daffodils this morning, I found myself penning: Great sheity / you're up there watching, aren't you? / seeing this all play out / we must persevere / through things most severe... A new piece emerges.
[]1.5k []10.1k []57k []900k

[pic] [✅] Manday Gormian @mandaygormian · Nov 6
This isn't as good for writers and poets as you might think. Several big-name economist and publisher friends have confided in me that this could have disastrous repercussions for the marginalized in the long-term. Don't be fooled.

> [pic] [✅] All Poetry News @allpoetrynewz · Nov 2
> How does a million dollars a year sound? Poets might be cashing in soon. See the latest article from @elcarcasspicker for more!

[]14k []20.8k []40k []1.7M

[pic] [✅] Manday Gormian @mandaygormian · Nov 6
Invited to first pizza party and George Clooney's Italian Riviera villa tonight. Lago Como looks incredible. Wish all my brothers and sisters could be there tonight. Through me, you will be represented. Stay blessed.
[]2.2k []3.7k []90k []1.5M

PUBLICATION NOTES

***Echolalia Review*:** Primarily, *Echolalia Review* as a whole is meant to be a fusion of *Contemporary Verse 2* (indie-ish), *Poetry* (establishment), and a handful of indie and super-indie mags. The "About" page is inspired by *Apocalypse Now, Alice Says Go Fuck Yourself, [PANK],* and several other journals with self-indulgent descriptions of what they're seeking. *Contemporary Verse 2*'s copyright page was the main inspiration for *Echo*'s copyright section. (I must own ten of their issues, including the infamous "Daddy Issue," which was well worth its purchase price in laughter.)

I've done my best to reproduce the published pieces contained within *Echo* with as much fidelity as possible. In certain cases—largely to avoid thematic or stylistic overlaps—individual words have been changed, or slight formatting alterations have been made. Additionally, I've corrected the typographical errors that were left in to test the editors who reviewed these pieces. (In most instances, the editors failed to spot these, and I later had to point the errors out prior to publication.)

The name is meant to bear no relation to *The Echo Literary Magazine* or *Echo Review*.

"In the delivery room" (p. 9): Based off the many, many antinatalist poems published in the last few years. (Skilled example: "Crystals" by Ellie Sawatzsky in *Best Canadian Poetry 2019,* Biblioasis, 2019; less skilled: "Rendering" by Amorak Huey in *Poetry Is Currency*, Jan., 2024.)

Published as "I imagine childbirth" in *Rogue Agent* #103 (Oct., 2023) under "Adele Nwankwo."

"my wife's son" (p. 11): Man, this one was a tough one to write. I've noticed that many white male poets, specifically, tend to style themselves in all branches of poetry as either inert objects (See: Ryan Teitman's "Paperweight" [*Poetry*, Vol 221, No. 5]), or their wives' whipping boys (See: Tyler Engström's "The Red Brick" [*Exile Quarterly*]), or harmless, guilt-addled inconveniences (See: Douglas Walborne-Gough's "Steep Steps Toward Home" [*Riddle Fence*, Issue 25]). Our dear, unfortunate Jonathan Oberman-Crosby, husband of Tina, takes things a step further by making himself out to be a fetishistic cuckold who's little more than a burden during the delivery of his wife's biracial son. The lesson to be learned here: If you're a male poet, it's okay to be sensitive and perceptive, but have some fucking self-respect.

Published in the Winter, 2023, edition of *Pink Disco!* under "b. h. fein."

"Someday I'll Love Ahuiliztli" (p. 15): Published under "Adele Nwankwo" in *Afterpast Review*, September, 2023. The original title it was accepted under was "Someday I'll Love Adele Nwankwo," but I got them to change it to "Pseudanthium" to add in another joke.

“war-war” (p. 16): Published under “B. H. Feinstein” in *#Ranger*, Issue 3, 2023.

“Narcan” (p. 17): The musical scale is sheer nonsense—I’ve tried composing it on my piano. If you can make it work and write something decent in it, I’ll send you *two* gold stars in the mail.

Done (loosely) in the style of Maceo A. Whitaker, as seen in his “Mad Man from Macon” and “Thor and Saturn’s Tête-à-tête” poems, which appeared in the Oct. 2015 issue of *Poetry*.

Published under “B. H. Feinstein” in *#Ranger*, Issue 3, 2023.

“yah jah gah hah” (p. 19): This one has a special, post-colonial place in my heart. “yah jah” was the first “Adele” poem written after her conception. As you might’ve guessed from the title alone, the poem hardly means anything concrete. A generous interpretation of the title might be “yes god hah hah,” but that, then, has little to do with the poem’s aggressive meditations on contemporary dating and whites’ stereotypes of black people.

When sending this out, I told editors that it was Adele’s way of rendering a Creole-style in quasi-iambic pentameter, her attempt at a creative merger of her assumed and adopted identities, and an attempt at simulating ol’ Billy’s style from “*o tel lo.”* The metre isn’t consistent, the employment of the vernacular isn’t accurate, and the metrical divisions cleaving certain words apart are similarly haywire. To make matters worse, I’ve hidden a reference to a genius artist that simply doesn’t exist. Shakespeare exists (as Dirt Hogg demonstrates). Chagal exists. Basquiat exists. “duh vor ich” (Dvoric) does not. The closest artist’s name might be Antonín Dvořák, a notable 19th-century Czech composer. The “duh” here, consequently, is very deliberate.

Published in Issue 6 of *Tofu Arts Ink Press* under “Adele Nwankwo.” (Sorry, for misleading you Brian Jacobs, PhD candidate [he stressed this designation in his acceptance email]).

“sub_urban boi” (p. 20): Published under “Adele Nwankwo” in Volume 9 of *Corporeal*, 2023.

“3 emojipastas” (p. 21): Emojipastas take colloquially-worded paragraphs and insert emojis to illustrate—and, typically, sexualize—the paragraph’s message. Big fan.

Naturally, memes and meme formats have bled into poetry recently, which often results in poems like “This is not a poem, it’s a meme” from Jamie Kitts (*Plenitude Magazine*, 2024). For the Chaucer lyne, my fellowe, I availed myself to:
https://lingojam.com/MiddleEnglishtoModernEnglishTranslator.

The lead emojipasta, "Shakespeare's Cumslut 😈😉," was published in *JAKE* under "b. h. fein" in October, 2023. (I felt that it was enough to get one from the set published, demonstrating that this type of poem could get picked up.) It was well-received enough to inspire offshoot poems, such as Laurel Reynolds' "Guenevere's Private IG Caption" in *Bullshit Lit.* But, miraculously, **it was nominated for the 2025 Best of the Net Awards**, put on by Sundress Publications. I kid you not. As the *JAKE* team's favourite poem of the year, no less.

"cherry blossoms bussin" (p. 23): If I could insert the "Fuckboy" emoji here, I would.

Published as a satire piece in *Gorko Gazette* under "Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully," April, 2024.

Simultaneously accepted for publication by *Die Leere Mitte.* (Refused in order to grant *Gorko* First Rights.)

"Baba 巴巴" (p. 24): An English translation of the Simplified Chinese text, courtesy of DeepL:

"You can't read this, can you? Well, that's not surprising. You'll never understand me, despite your 'interest' in other cultures, your 'inclusiveness.' You never included Baba when he first moved here, did you, white ghost? He gave you so much, and you punished him for it. You probably think this poem is 'exotic' and 'hip.' Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuck you!"

This chunk of text repeats throughout the poem. I've also added "Buy my chapbook, bitch" and "Die, die, die!" once each in random spots to spice things up.

I used DeepL because I don't read, write, or speak Chinese, and I imagine prospective translators would have turned this job down. Furthermore, I found the idea that any potential mistakes or inaccuracies would simply suggest that the poet in question wasn't actually as close to their heritage as their writing would suggest. Plus, it was a fun test to see if the editors would do their jobs and screen the filler text. (They didn't.) Next to this, one of the core mistakes I inserted into this poem is the use of the term "Baba" itself. (There are a million "baba" poems, so I needed to use it.) The correct term for "grandfather," based on my very limited understanding of the language, is "yeye." "Baba" would be "father" or "old man," in a respectful way.

An example of this kind of hatred and small-mindedness endemic to the weakest post-colonial poetry: "Dumplings" by Christian Lozada (*After Happy Hour Review*, Issue 21, 2023).

Published in *Cathexis Northwest Press*, Jan-Feb, 2024, under "Eleanor Neveah Mei Payne (大屌女孩异议者!)" Original title: "What whites see in my family story when I tell them I'm a post-colonial poet."

The reason I chose *Cathexis* for this one, even though content under my own name had appeared in it twice previously, is that they charge exorbitant prices for their submissions—especially their expedited ones. I take issue with publications like this—*Sunspot Lit*, *Beyond Words, [PANK]* (which deserves separate criticism for killing many poets' books recently—read the Substack articles on this controversy), *Big Whoopie Deal*, *Humans of the World*, and many of the other ones, such as random anthology projects that advertise their submission windows on websites like Submittable, because these publications further tank the individual poet's already abysmal earning capacity. One shouldn't have to go into debt just to see one's work in print—much less in magazines with virtually non-existent general readership. Some, such as *Big Whoopie Deal* and *Last Resort Lit*, don't even appear to regularly publish material, despite receiving many submissions. (Yet they have the gall to periodically send out requests to poets for more subs. I've received several from *BWD*—and at one point, *LRL* lost their website domain but were still accepting subs through this period.) So it would seem they're merely in the business of drawing in funds from poets. A much more equitable model is to offer free general submissions and modestly priced expedited responses, with the option of donating to the publication during the submitting process. I'm not paying $20 USD to send you my shit, guys. And no one else should have to either.

"Morning, k:ôffee (un academicus poĕm)" (p. 26): A few fun examples of this kind of jargon and grammar overload found in the wild: "To Agree" by Ilaria Maria Sala (*A-Minor Magazine*, Issue 12) and several of the poems in Sally Van Doren's *Sex at Noon Taxes: Poems* (LSU Press, 2008).

I've inserted the additional sentence tree at the bottom to up the degree of pretentiousness since its original publication. Plus, it adds a fun moustache to the face you can see if you look really hard at the poem. (This face was in the original version, too.)

Published in *Die Leere Mitte,* Issue 19, 2023, as a satire piece under "B. H. F."

"White Poet Paradox Interview" (p. 27): A nod to Lindsay, Pluckrose, and Boghossian of the Grievance Studies Gang, this fake psychological study from Dr. Kim Ko is not in the least improbable in today's academia. If you don't believe me that academia (this goes beyond Gender Studies, which is so rife with nonsense that it wasn't worth parodying beyond what Lindsay et al. accomplished) is filled with this spiteful rhetoric, feel free to check out your local university's "whiteness studies" curriculum. You might also observe casual instances of this prejudice against

WM creatives—albeit, in a more humorous context—in popular books like *The White Man's Guide to White Male Authors of the Western Canon* (Harper Perennial, 2019).

"Poetry movements, as understood by..." (p. 31): Most of these are ironic, but a few could very well come true. My money's on "AI ARISTROCRACY," "Pro-Corporate Colloquists" (we have many already, whether they realize it or not), "Twitch.com Neophytes," (they've already broken into the world of chess), "Mongoliatudinism," and "Pre-Apocalypse."

For any would-be artistic movement, two primary concerns exist: vitality and restriction. A movement needs to begin with the necessary life force and urgency that would birth a meaningful contribution to the collective consciousness at the right time. But it also needs restriction so that the movement's aesthetic principles and guidelines can solidify under the pressure of scrutiny (high-level colleagues, skilled editors, *responsible* publishers, etc.) and the *what-is-not-allowed* of it. (As a rule: the more people, styles, and subject matter incorporated into an artistic movement, the weaker it becomes. Categories and delineations exist for a reason. Toe-stepping-on hurts both feet.) I've seen attempts at starting new movements, such Neo-Decadence, but most of these end up lost in one of the many seas of obscurity for, if nothing else, a lack of genuine *zeitgeistal* vigour. But even the astroturfed Peter Thiel-funded Dimes Square trust fund-baby collective, who received ample attention and resources and appeared to have seized upon the spirit of the times, couldn't produce anything enduring beyond a play and a podcast, despite themselves. Given these dismal results, one has to ask—are new artistic movements even possible today? Are there simply too many active poets with too many muddled creative philosophies and too few legitimate concentrating filters in place for us to constitute such things?

Published as a parody piece under "B. H. Feinstein" in *#Ranger,* Issue 3, in short form.

I've since added the "Prominent Figures" and "Example Works" sections to flesh out the concept.

"V limericks" (p. 33): "metropolis man" was published under "Adele Nwankwo" in Issue 5 of *Alice Says Go Fuck Yourself*, 2023. (Like with the emojipastas, I felt it was enough to get one of these published to validate that editors as a whole approved of this type of poem.)

"please read the instructions..." (p. 35): I do feel kind of bad about this one, because the journal that published it, *Afterpast Review*, is a "feminist youth-led magazine providing a platform for underrepresented voices, especially girls all around the world," according to their website. At the time of publication, the journal boasted eleven different female teen and young-adult editors, including two EICs and one managing editor. Multiple people had to sign off on this and two other Adele poems they accepted. ("high school: a retrospective," which was later accepted by *Roi Fainéant Press,* was originally part of the trio *Afterpast* accepted but was eventually returned to

me when they changed their policies regarding sexual content.) With this one, Adele is claiming that "mild self-diagnosed depression after a break-up is actually a (dis)ability" akin to having your limbs blown off in war. I almost changed that line because I thought it was too obviously parodic. Apparently not.

I have nothing against younger writers and editors coming together to work on a poetry initiative together. That's how we cut our teeth as creatives—by trying and by doing. But it may help to have a few guiding editors with real, quantifiable experience steering the ship. I noticed while reading the other pieces they'd published that spelling errors and formatting inconsistencies were nearly always present. I purposefully left several errors in this submission, which went unnoticed. This sort of thing hurts poetry because it allows underdeveloped artists who haven't quite mastered the technical aspects of the form to start putting their stuff out into the world. What a poet who's starting out needs, more than anything, are rejections—even for small things, such as grammatical mistakes. Or else, the editors involved should be well-equipped in their own right to fix those errors and make sure the published product is reflective of good form.

Original title: "please read the instructions."

"fuck me (break you)" (p. 36): Also published under "Adele Nwankwo" in Volume 9 of *Corporeal*, 2023.

For similar pieces with similar themes and sexual explicitness, check out Sophie Crocker's "nobody cums rat poison anymore" (*Best Canadian Poetry 2023*, Biblioasis, 2023) or Emily Carney's "the feeding" and "bag lady, boxed" (*Poetry*, Vol. 206, No. 4). Far less impressive examples from the indie realm: "Animal Husbandry" by Elissa Fertig from the Substack-bound *Bibliopunk* (not to be confused with the seven other magazines bearing variations of that name); Em Setzer's "Siren Song" (*Bullshit Lit*); Katie Rhiannon Jones' "On manically making porn for the guy-I'm-fucking" (*Cathexis Northwest Press*, July-Aug, 2024).

"Decolonizing a stray" (p. 37): Beef suya, a Nigerian beef skewer dish, might not be the absolute worst thing you could feed a cat, but the beef suya recipes I looked up from *Serious Eats*, *Taste of Home*, and *Immaculate Bites* all called for both onion (usually in powder form, but sometimes in whole form) and garlic (usually in powder form). Onion and garlic are toxic to cats, with both causing gastrointestinal distress and differing forms of life-threatening anemia, even in small doses. But, being the more potent of the two, garlic can cause organ damage and failure in cats in amounts as low as one-eighth of a teaspoon. The recipes on average called for one to two teaspoons of garlic powder to feed eight to twelve people. z. l. williams might not be a great pet-owner after all.

Published under "Adele Nwankwo" in *The Bitchin' Kitsch,* Volume 15, Issue 2, 2024.

"once upon a time..." (p. 38): Loosely inspired by Tyler Raso's preposterously named "Harold Norse says, 'Poetry meant being a sissy and worse. A fairy. A friend of mine once asked me why all poets are fairies. Well, I answered, that's because they can fly'" (*Poetry*, Vol. 221, No. 5). And if you haven't already done so, I'd highly recommend listening to Grant McDonald's "Ram Ranch." You can thank me later.

Published under "Adele Nwankwo" in Issue 8 of *Queerlings*, October, 2023.

"Sunday, Gun Day" (p. 39): The requisite anti-gun piece. I think this one scared the first few editors and first readers I sent it to, because the rejections were almost instantaneous at times—and rightfully so. Anti-gun pieces are a dime a dozen in magazines these days (Gary Barwin's "Bells" [*New Poetry*, 2018] comes to mind, as do far rougher renditions, like Alexandria Tannenbaum's "active shooter villanelle" from *Across the Margins*), but my anti-gun salvo verges on insanity.

I got the idea for the formatting here from Chantal Gibson's "Add to Cart" poems in her decidedly political and unbelievably bloated *with/holding* collection (Caitlin Press, 2022).

Published as a satire piece in *Gorko Gazette* under Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully, April, 2024.

"w/stern man (@ foundation)" (p. 41): Published in *Arteidolia's "swifts & s l o w s"* under "adi n. & b. h. fein." Just for fun, I had Adele and b. h. team up for this sub.

Simultaneously accepted for publication by *Die Leere Mitte.* (Refused in order to grant *Arteidolia* First Rights.)

The only alteration I've offered here is to add the amusing technique of asking the reader to fold the page together to create readings. (See: "Don" by Daniel Scott Tysdal [*The New Quarterly*, 2018] or one of the curious poems I can't remember the name of—and don't want to bother buying another copy of the book to replace the one I lost to verify the name of—in the egregiously named *Weeping Gang Bliss Void Yab-Yum* from Devendra Banhart [Featherproof Books]). I wasn't able to publish this pointless folding option in the original version, as the piece appeared digitally.

"jesus vs. 7-eleven" (p. 42): Ishtar is the wife of Ba'al, the god of child sacrifice in Canaanite religion. (Ba'al is also a major focal point for certain cultural influences that extend far beyond poetry, but my lawyers have advised me not to discuss this subject any further.) For now, poets appear to be high on anti-Christian rhetoric and Christian demythologization. I've exaggerated this into full-on devil worship, as is hinted at elsewhere in the manuscript.

Published under "Adele Nwankwo" by *eighteen-seventy press*, October, 2023.

"Protest Signs" (p. 44): Art used:

https://www.vecteezy.com/png/29140204-happy-emoji-happy-emoji-png-happy-emoji-transparent-background-ai-generative

https://picjumbo.com/windows-xp-inspired-hill-scenery-wallpaper/

Doge Image: Vecteezy.

All other images: Free Canva art (yep.)

Design work: Yours truly.

Real-life events inspired the title of this piece. It seems other poets have picked up on the hilarity of major companies like Lockheed Martin partnering with creative and social-justice forces. Jake Byrne went so far as to title his recent collection *Celebrate Pride with Lockheed Martin* (Wolsak & Wynn, 2023). (Unsurprisingly, his book has a lot of gay sex in it to go with the social commentary, because it's contemporary poetry.)

"sardine king" (p. 46): Inspired by David Bradford's "*un vent pour écorner les boeufs*" and "*Spoon*" pieces from the *2022 Anthology of the Griffin Prize* (House of Anansi). For a far less compelling use of this technique, consult Eric Abalajon's "values are values: ten iterations" (*Temz Review*, Issue 25).

Published under "B. H. Feinstein" in *#Ranger*, Issue 3, 2023.

"iwanttodieku" (p. 47): Perhaps of all of the smaller literary pockets out there, English-language haiku has seen the most innovations in recent years, with many of the techniques seen in free verse now showing up in the ol' 5-7-5's neck of the woods. Yet, predictably, this expansiveness has brought with it the freedom to write extremely lazy, social programming-oriented haiku and senryu, such as those here. For strong examples of fresh, experimental haiku and senryu that s uccessfully demonstrate what these forms have to offer, see the work of Richard Gilbert, Scott Metz, LeRoy Gorman, Jerome Berglund, Rowan Beckett, and Robin Smith.

"**Black** swan," "anthro*faux*cene," and "late capitalism" were published in *Under the Basho* under "Adele Nwankwo" in September, 2023.

"big boned moon" and "republicanism" were published in *Five Fleas* in October, 2023.

"neo pronouns" was published under the title "a modern haiku" in *Awake* (*Lucky Jefferson*), Issue 5 ("How the West Was Black"), under "Adele Nwankwo" in 2024.

"autumn equinox" was published in *Peach Fuzz,* Issue 29, under "b. h. Fein."

"After Coming Out: A Wrestling Promo" (p. 49): I would've used more current wrestling references, but wrestling really ain't what it used to be in the Hogan era or the Attitude Era, and I felt the editors might not understand wrestling references from the present day as a result. (That said—Rhea Ripley, if you're reading this, call me.)

Published in Issue 6 of *Tofu Arts Ink Press* under "Adele Nwankwo."

Republished in *Meow Meow Pow Pow's* "Pup Blog," December, 2023.

"whatiswriting" (p. 51): A solid runner-up for most pretentious poem type would have to be poems about writing poetry. Bukowski wrote them. The Hugheses (Ted and Langston). Sir Philip Sydney. Morley. Dickinson. And I'm convinced there's some sort of tacitly acknowledged requirement for each major literary magazine today to have at least one of these per issue.

The most comical among these self-referential rhapsodies (too many to cite here—*believe me*) make writing poetry out to be some Sisyphean or Herculean task. They act as if writing poetry isn't one of the safest, most bourgeois pastimes we have. It's harmless, dilettantish stuff a great deal of the time, but I would implore anyone who thinks sitting in a comfy chair with their laptop and a granola bar; or pacing around with a notebook and pen outside from midnight to 4:00 am (my personal method) is in any way grueling, "dangerous" work to seek out conversation with the nearest derrick operator, deep-sea welder, roofer, soldier, or biohazard clean-up specialist.

The presentation has been altered to reflect some of the more nauseating formatting choices routinely seen in today's "experimental" poetry mags.

Published as a satire piece in *Gorko Gazette* under "Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully," April, 2024.

"AN ORCHESTRATED LOVE" (p. 56): The margin illustrations were partially inspired by doodles featured in "And Here Is My Good Big Centipede: An Unpublished Excerpt from an Interview with William S. Burroughs" (*VICE*, "The Fiction Issue, 2012") and those in Susan Bee and Charles Bernstein's *Johnny June* (1971), which appeared as a scanned reprint (you know how much magazines love to dredge up mediocre content from yesteryear) in the Fall, 2010, issue of *The Capilano Review*. A cruder version of this: ulysses constance bougie's "Fuck the sun" (*Dollar Store Magazine*, Volume 7).

Published under "m. b." in *The Gorko Gazette*, December, 2023. (I used my cat, Salem, as the author bio pic for this submission. He might also be the Salem who wrote *thru Wu you/me*.)

"non-b god..." (p. 60): Published as a parody work in *Gorko Gazette* under "Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully," April, 2024.

Our original intention was to flip this piece sideways and present it as a fold-out piece to mimic a technique often seen in physical poetry mags, but print option limitations precluded this.

"Middle-Management Goose-Stepper Do-Nothings" (p. 62): Somewhat unbelievably, Adele managed to get this one published. In the age of #OwnVoices. Adele got around her lack of Jewishness when sending this poem out by dedicating it to her "best friend Levi, who frequently has to deal with anti-Semitic remarks in the workplace."

Loosely inspired by J.J. Steinfeld's "I Thrust My Left Arm Forward While Thinking of the Past" (*Best Canadian Poetry 2023*, Bibiolasis, 2023) and a handful of other cruder poems that reference Auschwitz, the Gestapo, concentration camps, and more in relation to everyday inconveniences.

(Somehow) published in *Cape Magazine*, Issue 5, Volume 2, under "Adele Nwankwo."

"My childhood in the boonies" (p. 64): Published as a parody work under "D. H. S. R." (Dirt Hogg) in Issue 4 of *God's Cruel Joke.* (Lee, you're cool with me.) Original title: "poets who grew up in the boonies be like."

Simultaneously accepted for publication by *Die Leere Mitte.* (Refused in order to grant *God's Cruel Joke* First Rights).

"What whites think I mean..." (p. 65): Accepted for publication under "Claire Brooke Hawksmouth (aka Sky Child)" by *Yum! Lit,* 2024. Then, the mag folded—so this piece never appeared in print.

All I had to do to get my use of blatantly incorrect Indigenous terms past the editors was to tell them I was highlighting the ignorance of settlers.

"Interview with Claire" (p. 67): Text-based interviews are so lifeless, but all the big-name mags insist on including them in their issues. Can we bring back the Charlie Rose-style interview already?

An important point: I'm not trying to demean Indigenous writers with this. They should get to feel proud of their perspective and stories. If anything, I'm attempting to call into question the dubious instances of poets and writers assuming identities they have only minor cultural or biological connections to. It severely cheapens the authenticity of Indigenous lit. A documentary by the name of *The Pretendians* (CBC Gem) recently exposed some of this phenomenon's effect on the arts in Canada.

I would be a full-fledged hypocrite if I condemned anyone for assuming fake identities in the arts, so all I'll say is that it comes down to intention. If you're already philosophically aligned with the arts scene (sorry to hear that), yet you still choose to make a small portion—or a *non-existent* portion—of your heritage your creative identity, you're doing nothing but taking up someone else's deserved place and hurting your own merits. If, however, you've been pushed out of the arts scene because of your politics or identity and are going to use your pseudonym as a way back in, just make sure to direct your fury at the industry and the larger powers that be. That's where the difference is made.

"Cocksplatt 1's Monologue" (p. 72): For English to Simlish conversion, I used Lingo Jam's "English-to-Simlish" translator: https://lingojam.com/EnglishtoSimlishTranslator%28WIP%29); For the Simlish-to-Simlish text conversion, I used a Simlish decoder website: https://www.dcode.fr/simlish-language.

It would've been cool if I had learned Simlish just to do an authentic translation myself, but Duolingo hasn't released the Simlish course yet. Let's hope they do soon.

Published under "b. h. fein" in *JAKE*, September, 2023, without the original Simlish characters.

"Instapoetry Corner" (p. 73): Many of these first appeared on an IG poetry account of my own, [redacted], centered around providing fake Rupi Kaur-style poems for men. These are mostly the fan favourites here, with some having been edited ever so slightly to better represent the range of poetic styles you see from your typical IG poets.

I'm not here to gatekeep poetry, and I'm well beyond getting mad at poets for earning money and getting famous writing this dreck, but we're long past the saturation point for unskilled, "easy" poetry. It's gotten to the point where the parody forms, like mine, are almost indistinguishable from the "authentic" pieces. Maybe that's where the IG poet's strengths lie, where Rupi's true power comes from: an immunity to bowdlerization—because how can you make worse what is already *the worst*?

[redacted].

"Worst of Issue" (p. 77): "Reighleigh Sonnet XIV" was published under "b. h fein" in Issue 1 of *The Cry Lounge*, March, 2024, under the title "Classical poets be like." (They adore it when you make fun of traditional styles and inclinations.)

For this, they allowed me to include reference to b. h.'s favourite love song, so I had them include a Spotify link to Alice In Chains' "Them Bones." As well, they afforded b. h. an interview about the piece, which went on to be titled "my gluten-free bread and vegan butter is free verse" (https://thecrylounge.substack.com/p/b-h-fein-interview). Readers must have thought b. h. insane.

Talk Vomit also accepted this piece at the same time, but I had to turn down their offer. (They seemed pissed.)

"$1,000,000 for Poets" (p. 79): Dissertations I came across while writing this that made me chuckle:

> "Vampire narratives: Looking at queer-centric experiences in comparison to hetero-centric norms in order to model a new queer vampiric experience" (there are dozens of these "gay vampire" ones)
> (https://commons.emich.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=2529&context=theses);
>
> "An Exercise in Exception: Personhood, Divergency, and Ableism in the STAR TREK Franchise" (https://digitalcommons.usf.edu/etd/9302/);
>
> "Veritable Utopia: Revolutionary Russia and the Modernism of the British Left," Wing Chun Julia Chan (Descendent of IP Man?) (Yale);
>
> "Mother Monster and Queen Bey: Racialized Gender Performance in the 2010s Careers of Lady Gaga and Beyoncé" (Harvard);

"*Com'Era Verde La Mia Valle*: Using Ethnography to Expand Essentialized Gender Roles in the Italian Agritourism" (https://wgs.fas.harvard.edu/past-thesis-topics)

If one of you out there is crazy enough to try to institute my "Layabout theorem," I'll happily accept my $1 million in the form of Andalusian purebred horses. (Don't ask.) (I'm workin' on something.)

"*thruWu you/me* book review" (p. 85): The structure of the review is based on a review I was contracted to write for [redacted] that was eventually published in [redacted]. It also bears the spirit of my brief review for [redacted]—a very solid collection, even with its "foreseeable" themes—which appeared in [redacted].

The "wolf-girl" poem was expanded out and published under the title "a brief reverie apropos becoming your half-wolf gf" under Adele Nwankwo in Issue 2 of *manywor(l)ds.* They liked it so much they asked for an additional accompanying poem, which ended up becoming an experimental piece about this same wolf girl becoming an NPC streamer: "a half-wolf girl [me] gets sucked into becoming an npc streamer to stay afloat in the capitalist hellscape."

The "cbt man" poem quoted was published under "b. h. fein" in *SCAB*, Issue 14, 2024.
The other poems alluded to or quoted in this review were not sent out for publication.

"*Immutable Currents* book review" (p. 91): The poem quoted, "Walking Arnold's Dover Beach," was published in expanded form in *swifts & s l o w s* (*Arteidolia*), Issue 23, 2024, under "adi n. & b. h. fein."

I've adjusted the presentation of it here to fit a more traditional orientation.

"Contributor Bios" (p. 93): These may be considered some of the more archetypal bios you'll see in the industry—"the free-thinker" (anasteighsia yngeli anjali-raj), "the wannabe provocateur" (Mariana Dadipran Espíritú), "the completionist" (Joshua Tuilevu), "the self-styled witch/alt girl" (egregorana), "the academic" (Kim Ko), "the ally/humanitarian" (z. l. williams), "the plain jane" (Seoyeon ZuRee), "the ingenue/emerging artist" (Scylur Annuh Brown), "le quirkster" (E. E. E. P. James), "the columnist-poet" (Tina Oberman-Crosby), and so forth.

All of my fake personas' bios (m. b.'s wasn't included because that persona was used as a one-off placeholder) have been reproduced here as they appeared in my submissions, with very small alterations to avoid repetition with their surrounding bios or to further the joke of what they represent within the literary community.

These names may seem ridiculous at times, but with figures like "Backspace Fin Teeth Jawchomp Jr." editing magazines like *Bleach!*, anything's possible.

"Toronto Committee of the Arts Grant" (p. 102): Several sample poetry and arts grants were referenced in the making of this, including three Arts Research Institute's sample grant applications. They can be accessed through the following URL:
https://arts.ucsc.edu/ari/sample-grant-applications.

I'll send you a gold star in the mail if you show me your calculations for the La'Quisha/Yi-Yi word problem.

"*Echolalia* About/Submissions" (p. 112): A few years back, journals like *The New Quarterly* went a tad crazy implementing questionnaires that sought to quantify writers' and poets' identities and backgrounds during the submission process. Many of these journals have dialed things back just a smidge since, but the spirit of these questionnaires lives on through segregated submission pages—especially through Submittable, where the BIPOC submissions are typically free and the others paid—and mini-questionnaires that ask two or three questions about one's background. However, some of the journals that my poems appeared in, such as *The Bitchin' Kitsch*, have kept this original model and still impose unusually complex submission questionnaires and hypocritical filters upon creatives. (Their listed core tenets often revolve around inclusiveness and racial justice, yet they adore excluding submitters based on their nature and manner of personhood.)

Additional Publication Credits: Poems that didn't appear in this collection, due to thematic repetition or to keep the manuscript trim, include:

"high school: a retrospective"—*Roi Fainéant Press*, January, 2024 ("Adele Nwankwo")

"city-city"—*swifts & s l o w s* (*Arteidolia*), Issue 23 ("adi n. & b. h. fein")

"strawberry moon," "adding a third," "thunder," and "sunrise" (haiku)—*Peach Fuzz,* Issue 29 ("b. h. fein")

"housing crisis" (haiku)—*Failed Haiku,* February, 2024

"god's gone"—*Die Leere Mitte*, Issue 19, 2023 ("B. H. F.")

"dopamine deepfryer"—*#Ranger*, Issue 3, 2023 ("B. H. Feinstein")

"a half-wolf girl (me) gets sucked into becoming an npc streamer to stay afloat in the capitalist hellscape"—*manywor(l)ds*, Issue 2, 2023 ("Adele Nwankwo")

"soy man"—*Gorko Gazette*, April, 2024 ("Dirt Hogg")

"tiktok stoic man"—*Main Squeeze Literary Magazine*, 2024 ("b. h. fein")

"manic pixie dream boy"—*Main Squeeze Literary Magazine*, 2024 ("b. h. fein");
simultaneously accepted by *Backwards Trajectory* (refused)

"inside again"—*The Closed Eye Open*, 2024 ("b. h. fein")

"A Contemporary Tragicomedy"—*Plenitude*, 2024 ("Adele Nwankwo");
simultaneously accepted by *The Antigonish Review* (refused)

AFTERWORD

"*Facit indignatio versum.*"
—— Juvenal

I know, I know—you hate me, dear poetry aficionado (😔). I've infiltrated and ridiculed your hallowed literary cathedral, and now you see it fit to punish me.

But before you gather the other villagers, toss me in the stockades, and hurl mouldering tomatoes my way, know that I did this for you.

Believe it or not, I don't hate contemporary poetry. I don't see poetry as a "dying" medium, either.[1] This current era might even be classified as something of a high point—or else, one of the higher points poetry has seen in decades. Engaging voices of (nearly) all makes and kinds now find their outlet in styles, forms, and linguistic combinations previous generations of artists could never have conceived of. And indie poetry may very well represent the most exciting, dynamic portion of this artistic contingent.

But this epoch of expansive plurality, experimentalism, "rawness," and hyper-social consciousness we've been in for the last, oh, ten-ish years (depends who you ask) is already going stale; it's already approaching a mildewy predictability that the more observant and opportunistic among us have seized upon for easy publication credits and industry cache. For every excellent poet writing excellent pieces, there happen to be a thousand mediocre, flavour-of-the-week epigones pumping out content replete with identical features, approaches, and, frequently, the same old boring identity politic topics (even the idea of writing the term "identity politics" is, at this point, as boring as reading the 5000th how-to instructional poem on decolonizing the imported Korean facial cream industry or the latest stream-of-consciousness monologue about wandering amid futuristic urban utopias where Wendy's hamburgers have been replaced with Iraqi-Israeli sabich sandwiches—but indulge me for a moment). These copycats see what is being championed in the community, what is coming *downstream* of the broader culture (poetry is no longer a culture

[1] The whole debate about poetry's death is moot. For now. The last hundred years haven't killed it, despite the very best efforts of most of our institutions and artists. Have these forces succeeded in smashing poetry into a million fragments, some manifesting as rotten odes about pubic hairs lodged in one's teeth (real), or sub-movements about hot-shotting fentanyl and other opioids in the *totally awful* suburbs? (I made this one up.) Undoubtedly. But they haven't *killed* it.

creator, which is a determining issue for the form in itself), and do their very damndest to co-opt it, just without much of the grace, tact, or polish as their more skilled counterparts.[2]

And it's there that we arrive at the central affliction: So many of the low-, middle-, and even high-level indie magazines ("establishment" ones aren't off the hook either, as the line between "indie" and "establishment" becomes blurrier every day—to the extent that the distinction might not even be worth making anymore, artistically) are clogged to the gills with transparent, *reactionary* pieces from these nauseating, dreary, and utterly humourless[3] rubber-stamp poets. This, as critics of bad writing like Albert Maltz have noted,[4] ultimately produces shallowness and mediocrity. Worst of all, in our time, it's morphed into an agenda of isolationism and insularity, pushing out all dissenting or supposedly dangerous voices, which has led to the incremental

[2] Because it would be libel for me to mention any particular poets by name here, I'll instead suggest, if you're looking for examples of their work, that you peruse some of the free verse magazines my pieces got into. Alternatively, you could go on Chill Subs, set the filter to "Poetry," throw a dart, and read the first three pieces from that mag's latest issue.

[3] Humour and levity are distinctly lacking in today's poetry. Most pieces devolve into oversharing confessionals (thanks, Snodgrass) or diagnostic pieces ("Here's what's wrong with the world!" "Here's what's been done to us!" Solutions are rarely of concern—though, and when one is offered, it's always the same: "More unity, love. Eliminate *x*, and we will have it!")

[4] Despite the fact that Maltz was a card-carrying Communist dork and practicing subversive as a member of the politically motivated "Hollywood Ten," his infamous appeal to greater artistic integrity, "What Shall We Ask of Writers," is an excellent entry-level examination of the effects of shallowness in writing and can readily be applied to contemporary poetry. It's filled with salient quotes on how, when politics are placed above artistic merit, the end product necessarily suffers: "Literary taste can only operate in a crippled manner when canons of immediate political utility are the primary values of judgment to be applied indiscriminately to all books"; "[i]t has been my conclusion [...] that much of left-wing artistic activity—both creative and critical—has been restricted, narrowed, turned away from life, sometimes made sterile—because the atmosphere and thinking of the literary left wing has been based upon a shallow approach"; "[t]his doctrine—'art is a weapon'—over the years, in day-to-day wear and tear, has converted from a profound analytic, historical insight into a vulgar slogan: 'art *should* be a weapon'"; "[w]riters must be judged by their work, and *not* by the committees they join." It should come as no surprise that he was later brought in before the Hollywood Communist party and forced by figures like Mike Gold, Alvuh Bessie, and John Howard Lawson to recant his insightful article in a humiliating Communist "struggle session."[a] One has to wonder what Maltz would have written of today's poets, novelists, and filmmakers. For the full text of "What Shall We Ask of Writers": https://i.4pcdn.org/tg/1599669145012.pdf.

[a] Ron Capshaw, "The Recantation of Albert Maltz: A Pre-History of PC Stalinism," Tablet Magazine, October 28, 2016, https://www.tabletmag.com/sections/arts-letters/articles/recantation-of-albert-maltz.

formation of a paradoxical "plurality singularity,"[5] guaranteeing through repetition and self-sameness the stagnation of—and the public's *avoidance* of—boundary-pushing or "high-skill" English-language poetry.[6] (See how people are consequently driven to Instapoetry?)

So, if you grant me these value judgments and don't immediately disregard my points as the ravings of a cretinous meanie bigot, what do we do with an artistic medium and industry that have taken ill? Naturally, we find a salve and apply. But not just any will do. The classical approach of writing erudite treatises and giving long-winded interviews on these matters are, sadly, over. These methods work on academics, die-hards, and Luddites. To truly reach the next generation of artists, editors, publishers, and readers, the ones you would hope to influence by writing yet another "Q: Is Poetry Dying? A: Probably…?" article, something a little more radical is called for.

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[5] The so-called "epidemic of individuality." If we have pushed our creatives to write about every possible perspective—except the politically inconvenient ones—have we not created an entropic culture that will collapse in on itself once we've exhausted its novelty? And can we even say that our poets are succeeding in offering new perspectives when they merely repackage one another's ideas so eagerly? (See: just how many goddamned "Someday I'll Love [*Insert Name Here*]" pieces have been published since Ocean Vuong made this trend popular.)

[6] One might look at recent polls conducted through National Endowment for the Arts and see the 1% increase in poetry readership from 2021 to 2022 (still down massively since the 90s) and conclude that poetry is "so back," and that my criticism of high-skill poetry's irrelevancy is invalid, but when you take into account that, in 2017, the bounce-back year for poetry where general readership increased *a measly 3%*, over 80% of the poetry collections sold in Canada were Insta-poetry collections (WordsRated), which ought not to be counted as true "indie poetry," as it's sometimes marketed, in that it's usually—let's just say it—flat-out fucking junk and has no greater aesthetic motives than what you see in my fake "Instapoetry Corner" poems or the devilishly pandering Rupi Kaur's morbid body of work. What's more, in 2020, 49% of all poetry collections sold worldwide were IG poetry books (WordsRated). Clearly, the increased interest in poetry is coming largely from one area. Think of it this way—you can't even find surveys or useful statistics for indie poetry, as any "indie poetry bestseller" book list is filled with Amanda Gorman's books, Rupi Kaur's, Ocean Vuong's, Mary Oliver's (and if they're indie, no one is). So the question of high-skill poetry's ever-heightening irrelevancy remains—especially for those who wish to generate new interest in it or demonstrate its enduring value. After all, the greatest insult you can pay an artist, beyond the forgiveness of bad works, is apathy. And as members of the public, we deserve that which we are coolly indulgent of. Sources:

Milliot, Jim. "NEA Finds Worrying Drop in Reading Participation." *PublishersWeekly.Com*, 3 Nov. 2023, www.publishersweekly.com/pw/by-topic/industry-news/bookselling/article/93659-nea-finds-worrying-drop-in-reading-participation.html.

Curcic, Dimitrije. "Poetry Sales Statistics." WordsRated, 14 Feb. 2023, https://wordsrated.com/poetry-book-sales-statistics/.

"The Indie Poetry Bestseller List." American Booksellers Association., 4 Sept. 2024, bookweb.org /news /indie-poetry-bestseller-list-1631194.

Perhaps you've heard the story of Michael Derrick Hudson. People criticize our friend M. D. H. for assuming the identity of "Yi-Fen Chou" to get the most infamous poem of 2015, "The Bees, The Flowers, Jesus, Ancient Tigers, Poseidon, Adam and Eve," published. He was only outed for being decidedly *un*-Asian when the poem was selected for inclusion in that year's edition of the respected *Best American Poetry* anthology. He was then summarily roasted for his actions.

Some of this criticism might have been warranted. Hudson was already an established poet. Given his apparent employment as a librarian at the time, it can be assumed he was in decent enough economic standing. Likewise, it's not clear that he had any greater motivations beyond career advancement or spite (like, say, I dunno, systematically exposing the superficiality and laziness of the poetry industry 😜). As a result, his actions came across to the public as another painful instance of "yellow-facing," spurring outlets like *Daily Beast* ("How a Con Man Shook Up the Poetry World," Malcolm Jones), *The New Yorker* ("When White Poets Pretend to Be Asian," Hua Hsu), and *The Atlantic* ("Who Decides What Makes a Poem Great?" Megan Garber) to churn out scathing hit-pieces and to call his poem and larger oeuvre shit, generally. Fake social media accounts purporting to be him cropped up. Poets, such as the nineteen featured in the *Margins* forum held by The Asian American Writers' Workshop, grouped together and weighed in on his perfidy. In the wake of all of this bad publicity, journals unlisted his pieces from their archives (try clicking on old links to his published works—half lead to bad gateways); many released statements on the issue, signaling solidarity with the larger community. It was a regular ol' public relations slaughtering for M. D. H. In terms of defence, only one blog-style post on *Medium* emerges when you search for counter-arguments ("Michael Derrick Hudson is the Worst Human Being Ever... or Something," Mansour Chow). If Hudson himself made any statements on the matter of his public shaming, they can't be found now—or, at least, without the assistance of an archiving platform, such as *The Wayback Machine*. Similarly, his contact information isn't available anywhere, and he has no social media presence beyond the aforementioned fake accounts that weren't deleted after the joke got old. It remains unclear if he's still being black-balled.

But where figures like Mikey H. fail due to their lack of foresight or justifiable goals, there are counter-examples of individuals or groups who have undertaken the daunting task of satirizing this or other establishments with a more systematic, purposeful approach: Alan Sokal of the Sokal Affair, with his nonsense work of scholarship poking fun at the disharmony between physics and post-modern philosophy; Harold Stewart and James McAuley of the "Ern Malley" hoax, which resulted in the undoing of Australia's *Angry Penguins* poetry magazine; Helen Darville, with her fake Ukrainian heritage story to build up the marketing for her Vogel Award-winning, Miles Franklin Literary Award-winning novel, *The Hand that Signed the Paper* (1994). The best example

of this from recent times is the team of James A. Lindsay, Peter Boghossian, and Helen Pluckrose, of the Grievance Studies Affair—academics who, starting in 2017, began penning fake Gender Studies articles on increasingly ridiculous topics, like rewriting Hitler's *Mein Kampf* using feminist language. The team had a total of four articles accepted by notable academic journals, with three more having been accepted for publication before the story of their deceit broke. Naturally, the team was maligned by the culturally sensitive among us and exalted as quasi-folk heroes by "anti-woke" conservative types, making notable appearances on major podcasts like *The Joe Rogan Experience*, and eventually parlaying their exposure into book deals and speaking opportunities.

It was in observing Lindsay and the gang's successes and reflecting upon the failures and public vivisection of ya boy M. D. Huddy that I came up with the idea for a cheeky experiment of my own. The bulk of this book, the cover-to-cover Issue 13.3 of my phony *Echolalia Review*, impersonates the gamut of styles, subject matter, and personalities you'll see in your average quote-unquote (mostly) indie poetry journal today. (Hundreds of journals, maybe even thousands, were read and analyzed in preparation for this.) In prodding and stretching and interrogating free verse, I hoped to explore the boundaries of supposedly liberated, deregulated—in actuality, still highly regulated and self-censoring—verse, which, by nature, pushes toward aesthetic extremes and edgy one-upping. I wanted to know what its limits were—how fully works could lapse into incomprehensibility, vitriol, pastiche, gimmick, and still be deemed worthy in the poetry community's eyes. The trick was to pass my content off as real, earnest poetry, while tucking in elements of farcicality, inconsistency, inaccuracy, prejudice, and everything else these magazines supposedly stood against. Some of these pieces read seriously, with minor tip-offs (*e.g.,* "decolonizing a stray"); others contain glaring parodic elements or nonsense phrasings (*e.g.,* "yah jah"; "w/stern man…").[7]

But I couldn't very well have sent out poems about being a **Black** woman or an Indigenous healer as myself, a WhItE MaLe. (I won't even bother opening up this can of annelids here. If you know, you know.) For this to work, I needed personas that seemed to check the proverbial boxes these publications were so keen on kowtowing to, personas that represented the different nexuses of the most desirable submitter traits that editors actively screen for today.[8] Enter: Adele Nwankwo, b. h.

[7] It would spoil the fun if I revealed every little hidden joke and real-world parallel for these, but I assure you there are hundreds for you to find throughout the poems and the additional creative non-fiction pieces.

[8] If you're curious as to what these identificatory features are, please read any journal's "About" page, as I've simulated with my fake "About" and "Submissions" pages for *Echo*. But if you do for whatever reason still doubt that magazines screen for these traits and in some cases exclude submitters who don't meet them, read the guidelines of any or all of the following: *Grain*, *ANMLY*, *The Bitchin' Kitsch*, *Gutslut Press*, *EXCUSE ME Mag, Poetry Is Currency*, *Angel Rust*.

feinstein (boy he feinstein), Dirt Hogg Sauvage Respectfully, Claire Brooke Hawksmouth (aka Sky Child), m. b., and Eleanor Neveah Mei Payne (大屌女孩异议者!) ("Big Cock Girl Dissident!")

The challenge was simple: Could I pander hard enough to editors that they would accept noticeably deficient—sometimes, outright offensive—material? The answer, unfortunately for them, was a resounding yes. With very few exceptions, all of the poems in the fake *Echo* issue were accepted for publication as "serious" poems in legitimate literary journals the world over, with only a couple of these pieces being published under the framing of satire due to the tone or execution.[9] If any editors *did* imagine any of my poems to be fakes, they in no way expressed it to me (editors have a funny way of blocking you or never sending you a rejection if they get the "ick" from your stuff—thus, people like me are enabled to do this with relative impunity, unless we out ourselves). In fact, even when some of my pieces got rejected for not fitting the "like, *vibe*, dude" of the magazine in question, I'd often receive personal notes commending the pseudonyms' work. All told, *thirty publications fell for the gag*, *accepting forty-seven pieces*, if we exclude the couple of humour-oriented magazines that accepted pieces clearly framed as works of satire.

As an added bonus, and to honour our fallen comrade, Michael "Derrizzy" Hudson, who had his "Bees" poem rejected forty times with no eventual publication when submitting under his name but had it rejected only eight times before earning an acceptance when submitting it under his pen name, I sent out a few of these poems and a couple spare poems as myself first, racking up numerous rejections for each, just to resubmit them under my pseudonyms. These were picked up almost immediately when sending them out the second way.[10] You know, in case there was *any remaining doubt whatsoever* that publications have a vested interest in (over-)promoting work from "desirable" groups and are firmly critical of those from less desirable demographics (mine).[11]

So where do we go from here? What's to stop someone like me, with a bit of free time, experience, and gumption, from creating similar personas? From soaking up a few whopping $10 honorariums

[9] Congrats to those editors who did resist the urge to accept my pieces 🫵

[10] Such as with "cbt man," which received ten rejections when sent out as [redacted] and only one before being published under "b. h. feinstein"—or "Shakespeare's Cumslut 😍😉," the emojipasta, which received nine rejections under my name and only two under b. h. before being accepted for publication. There was also "manic pixie dream boy," which received twelve rejections under my name and only one before being accepted under "b. h."; "inside again," which received fourteen rejections under my name and only one under b. h. before being accepted; and the *p.d.r.*: "tiktok stoic man," which received *twenty-six* rejections under my name and *only one* under b. h. before being accepted.

[11] If the collective consciousness largely exists within the Overton Window, literary journals confine themselves to one of its smallest panels.

here and there? From taking things even further and securing an editorial role, or getting a couple books published under these fake names? From winning a literary award for satisfying the expected criteria?

The antidote to poetry's current maladies, if it isn't to simply unleash utter artistic anarchy upon the community and frighten editors into paying closer attention to their actions and cultural influence, might rightly lie with attending to all key levels of English-language poetry's infrastructure: readers, poets, editors, agents (lol—not many of us have them, but there are one or two), and publishers.[12] As long as readers continue blindly feeding into poetry's atomization by paying top-dollar at big-name stores for low-level, pandering, formerly-indie-now-mainstream hackjob junk (Atticus, Laev, Gorman, Kaur, etc.), or purchasing superficial indie material that reifies the expected social agendas or narratives; as long as poets censor themselves when writing and submitting to journals in the hopes of stacking up acceptances; as long as editors impose needlessly specific, sterilizing limitations upon their submitters, give into the fear of upsetting or challenging readers, use their publications as pulpits for their ideologies;[13] as long as agents represent artists based on the number of identificatory criteria these artists satisfy or the likes their clients receive online over the freshness and insight they could offer with the right support and encouragement; as long as publishing houses market works according to trends and politics and orders from boards of directors, never vitality, innovation, or public moralization, people like me will continue to fuck with them. And it's poetry that will get caught in the crossfire.

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[12] These would constitute the cultivated immune system that prevents real, lasting criticism of the industry and form.

[13] I'm still inclined to say that literary editors bear the most responsibility for the current problems I've identified in indie poetry (it's publishers in establishment poetry). They're the often-unpaid gatekeepers of taste that pony up the money to start new publications, or feed into existing ones, or expand into small publishing imprints that they sell off to conglomerates as soon as they gain an iota of traction; therefore, they typically have a large share of the control in what gets included in their issues. In a sense, they get to be the publisher, too, which means that, if they're a shallow editor, they can impose any of their personal vendettas, failings, and neuroses on their released issues. If this was relatively isolated, it wouldn't be so bad. It might even be a nice change of pace (we all love seeing a little bit of unhinged behaviour every so often). But at the rate at which we see it presently, this application has begun to take on a tinge of pitiableness. The best things an indie mag editor can do, in most cases, are to 1) immediately cut down 25-50% of the acceptances they issue; and 2) find co-editors with perspectives different from their own who will challenge their decisions when needed. Being an editor is less about having the good sense to publish good work and more about having the good sense *not* to publish bad work. I've personally had a hand in implementing this kind of strategy as the co-editor of [redacted], and we found that our issues were instantly less clogged with repetitive material, so that if we did choose to include material that seemed repetitive or vaguely "same-think-ish," we wouldn't have as much of it as our predecessors or other editors from similar magazines allowed in. I should think, too, that it would be even better for the broader artistic community if editors had the prudence to shut down their publications or try to merge them with other ones if they couldn't manage to solicit the types of quality submissions they were hoping to receive. Ultimately, this is a much more dignified end than simply running out of money, as so many journals, magazines, and zines do, and it creates a greater concentration of "good" art for readers in the remaining publications.

Thankfully, all it takes is a little directed conscientiousness to break free from this gradual decline. Just one different purchase, one different submission—one different acceptance, offer of representation, publishing house marketing campaign. It doesn't require grand gestures or sword-falling-on. You don't have to go as far as to invent pseudonyms with which to dupe editors (that'll save you the televised floggings!)[14] You don't have to instigate culture-war-style online or real-life altercations.[15] You simply have to resist the easy, the trite, the unnecessarily political, the demoralizing, the artificially establishment-backed (this includes a good amount of the content sponsored by curiously generous government, council, and NGO grants, or anything vaguely ESG-score-related). You don't even have to resist *all* of it. We have our guilty pleasures, our eclectic tastes. Some of what's being given the so-called push out there might even bring comfort or perspective to the issues in your life. You might go so far as to deem it integral, informative, life-affirming. (Progressive voices, conservative voices, LGBTQ voices, "extremist" voices—*all voices*, regardless of source or orientation—are what make contemporary poetry what it is, or *ought to be*, I will stress.)[16] For participants in this community and appreciators of any kind of poetry who want to see it avoid losing its rebel spirit, its charm, and its relevance, then, one primary directive emerges: trying harder. And maybe not being such massive fucking pussies.

That, or you can start yet another doomed indie magazine about Mexican-American fast-food restaurants (yes, I'm looking at you, *Taco Bell Quarterly*).

Remember—times change. The pendulum swings. Bombs drop. Vegetables get thrown. Thankfully for us, no matter what happens, poetry resembles most closely the cockroach—grungy, persistent, radiation-resistant.

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[14] But wasn't that always the greatest honour a poet could receive, anyway? Next to imprisonment, I would think there's no more distinct honour for a poet in the current year than to be assassinated.

[15] I'm, allegedly, not opposed to it if you do, but I can't very well say that much here, or I'd be legally liable for your next Great Poets' Brawl of '68.

[16] I'm not calling for censorship or the invalidation of personal experiences in what has been a historically boundary-pushing enterprise. That'd create the same issue of predictability and ossification I'm currently trying to combat, just on the other end of the political spectrum. (Could you imagine if, instead of every poem being about period blood or micro-racism, every poem was about the joys of farming potash or only doing missionary in the name of Our Saviour? That shit would suck complete ass.) Trans, neurodivergent, etc., voices are here to stay, whatever your opinion of them might be. Indie poetry—but, really, all poetry, by definition—is about being independent and "out there," and that involves voices I, you, and others may disagree with, cheekily mock, or not fully understand.

And it's a damned endearing cockroach at that.[17]

[17] P.S. All the money made off of these submissions (Adele made the most because some of the magazines, like *The Bitchin' Kitsch*, offered higher rates of compensation to BIPOC contributors they accepted than they did to other contributors) was donated to various charities that aligned with social causes I felt each persona would want to help with. In the end, donations included, but were not limited to, payments to the BCSPCA ($60 CAD), an unnamed Gaza-focused charity (five eSIM cards), Rocky Mountain Wild ($10 USD), and the National Harm Reduction Coalition ($15 USD). *Peach Fuzz* never gave me confirmation that they donated my money to harm reduction, so I'm going to assume they reinvested it into the magazine instead of doing that righteous thing. What a shame! But can we really be surprised anymore? Does any of this insanity come as a surprise? One has to wonder... 😉

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